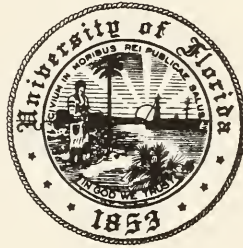





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CLARASTELLA

Clarastella

Together with

Poems occasional,
Elegies, Epigrams,

Satyrs
(1650)

by

Robert Heath

A Facsimile Reproduction

with an Introduction

by

Frederick H. Candelaria

Gainesville, Florida

Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints

1970

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HARRY R. WARFEL, GENERAL EDITOR



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Introduction

I

Robert Heath may be better known to readers of seventeenth-century lyrics than they themselves first realize. In spite of the fact that very little is definitely known and only a little more conjectured about Heath,¹ some of his poetry has been available not only in several research libraries,² but also in an important seventeenth-century manuscript,³ and in some modern collections, including, among others, *The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse*.⁴

Putting aside the curiosity that we may know more of Heath than we think we do, there remains the question of the value of cultivating this slight familiarity. Why read *Clarastella*? In *The Tragic Comedians* James Hall may have given us an answer: "If quality is the issue, the best works of 'minor' writers are better than all but the best works of major ones. The specialist often has his own reasons for concentrating on established figures, but the reader who reads for the work itself loses by ignoring the

¹In addition to the 289 verses collected here, Heath wrote Latin verse prefixed to Gabriel Dugres's *Grammaticae Gallicae Compendium* (1636), and he may also be the R. H. who wrote *Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems* (1659), as A. H. Bullen points out in his entry on the poet in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. IX, p. 349. William Cole in *Athenae Cambrigiensis* in the British Museum manuscript collection (Add 5871, 172v), provides only the information about Heath's Latin verse and the comment that Heath, a gentleman, "as he styles himself," was born in London and entered Corpus Christi College, Cam-

lesser ones." Viewed in this light, Robert Heath's work appropriately should appear where readers can easily find it because *Clarastella* is poetry truly representative of its time. To begin with this premise is not to claim too much; we can all admit that Heath is a fairly typical writer of his time and that reading his collected works should give us a sense of the general temper of the age.

bridge, in 1634. The only other seventeenth-century reference to Heath is in Edward Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum* (London: Charles Smith, 1675), quoted in the text.

²Donald Wing, *Short-Title Catalog of Books Printed in . . . 1641-1700*, lists *Clarastella* as item 1338 and indicates where copies may be found. As I pointed out in *Notes and Queries*, ns. VII (February 1960), p. 64, Mr. Wing appeared to confound Sir Robert Heath and Robert Heath, Esq. As the entry read, Sir Robert received credit not only for his own far more numerous works, but also for the volume of poems.

³Oxford, Bodleian, Ms. Mus. b. 1 is fully described by John P. Cutts, "Seventeenth-Century Lyrics," *Musica Disciplina*, X (1956), pp. 142-209. This manuscript includes four poems by Heath.

⁴See, for some notable examples, the unsigned review article, "Heath's *Clarastella*," *Retrospective Review*, II (1820), pp. 227-238, possibly by the editor, Henry Southern, which includes 11 selections from *Clarastella* and one from *Poems occasional*. William G. Hutchinson wrote a very brief introduction to *Robert Heath: Poems and Songs* (Hull: J. R. Tutin, 1905) for the Orinda Booklets (Extra Series), II, and using G. Thorn Drury's copy of *Clarastella*, he published 23 of the poems. H. J. Massingham includes four of the poems in *A Treasury of Seventeenth-Century English Verse* (London: Macmillan, 1926). In *Seventeenth-Century Lyrics from the Original Texts* (New York: Longmans, 1928), Norman Ault prints three of Heath's poems, and later in *A Treasury of Unfamiliar Lyrics* (1938), he prints "To her at departure under the title of the poem's first line, "They Err." R. C. Bald includes one poem by Heath in his popular university anthology, *Seventeenth-Century English Poetry* (New York: Harper, 1959). And so on. But it is worth noting that Sir Herbert Grierson and Geoffrey Bullough in the *Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse* give Heath nine pages as compared to the eleven they devote to Lovelace.

The masterpieces by the giants of the period are "not of an age, but for all time."

Historical relevance and the persistence of Heath's presence are an index to the modest power of his verse. Today, Herrick and the Cavalier poets stand much taller in our esteem than they did when not too many years ago we were overwhelmed by our rediscovery of Donne and the Metaphysicals. Our greater appreciation of the minor poets and the constant critical association of Heath with his better known peers should warn us against dismissing him out of hand. Edward Phillips furnishes us some contemporary evidence of the relative appeal of Heath's poetry when he writes notes first about Heath and then about Herrick. For Phillips the two poets are equals. He describes Heath as "the Author of a Book of Poems, which about 20 years ago came forth under the Title of *Clarastella*; the ascribed title of that Celebrated Lady, who is suppos'd to have been both the Inspirer and chief subject of them." Phillips then begins the association of the two poets picked up by later writers when in commenting on Herrick he alludes to Heath. Ben's most famous and devoted Son is "a writer of Poems of much about the same standing and the same Rank in fame with the last mention'd [i.e., Heath], though not particularly influenc't by any Nymph or Goddess, except his *Maid Pru*."

Phillips's early linking of Heath and Herrick (which may be more an alphabetical coincidence than we can ever know) is probably a good way to think of Heath and to approach his poetry. L. C. Martin prints eighteen poems "Attributed to 'R. H.' in a Seventeenth-Century Manuscript" in his definitive edition of Robert Herrick on the supposition that they may likely be by Herrick; however, R. G. Howarth plausibly attributes these verses to Robert Heath.⁵ This room for doubt may underlie

⁵*The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick*, edited by L. C. Martin

Phillips's (to us) slighting comparison of Herrick to Heath. There are certainly inferior poems in Herrick's vast canon, and mediocre ones too; Heath's poems are often better than those Herrick did not blot, though on the whole Herrick is so far superior to Heath as to make a detailed comparison unnecessary. Perhaps A. H. Bullen is fairer than Phillips when he concludes his article on Heath in the *Dictionary of National Biography* with another comparison that probably strikes us as also being rather undeserved when he says that "Some of the poems addressed to 'Clarastella' are hardly inferior to Carew's best love-verses."⁶

Perhaps we should check our conditioned skepticism by recalling that in fact we usually remember Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Waller, and hosts of other minor lyrists whose names we *know* we know only on the basis of a very few poems. The comparisons of Heath's work to the poetry of Herrick and Carew suggested by Phillips and Bullen and implicit in the studies of the attributions by Martin and Howarth should indicate that *Clarastella* is of somewhat more than mere historical significance. But if these comparisons impress us as flattering Heath too much, the generally damning tone of the *Retrospective Review* might restore our prejudices—were it not that the anonymous author of the article rather consistently (if condescendingly) praises the worst of Heath's poems while denigrating those that are more likely to appeal to twentieth-century sensibilities; for example, he quotes "*To Clarastella*" (p. 51)⁷ to show Heath's "higher order of poetry [that] combine[s] with exquisite ease of versification considerable moral beauty." A mod-

(Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1956), pp. 423-439. R. G. Howarth, "Attributions to Herrick," *Notes and Queries*, ns. V (June 1958), p. 249.

⁶*D.N.B.*, IX, p. 349.

⁷The page references are to the text of this present edition.

ern reader would note that the verse, an obviously conventional idealization of the beloved, is as empty as the hollow petrarchisms still attempted in this poem—including the inevitable pun on the beloved's name and "the bright star-light of each eie." Much the same could be said about "A Pastoral Protest of Love by Damon to Stella" (pp. 62-63), which is praised without embarrassment as "pretty." Though extolling Heath's "natural vein" in "To Clarastella. Loves Silence" (p. 22), the writer fails to appreciate the borrowed wit of "On a Flea-bite espied on her fair hand" (p. 24), which (for us) is naturally dominated by echoes of Donne's "The Flea." It is curious that the critic for the *Retrospective Review* should show such a different preference in poems from us when he begins his article with a statement we could applaud: he is vehement about the general emptiness of the conventions of Caroline love poetry.⁸ Sir George Saintsbury is closer to the mark, but he is somewhat too severely negative in tone in calling Heath "a sort of average representative of style and time who, sometimes, a little transcends the mediocre." Douglas Bush, as always, is humanely fair in justly describing *Clarastella* as "respectable but not distinguished."⁹

It is best to read *Clarastella* with an awareness of our double vision: we read Heath's Poetry because Art is eternally relevant; we read his verse for the relationships it has with the past. His verse is essentially the artifice made by the tradition; it is not the Poetry of a transcendent individual talent.

⁸In his own nineteenth-century way, the reviewer anticipates what A. Alvarez and Marius Bewley say in analyzing Lovelace's "La Bella Bona-Roba," cited in *The School of Donne* (Toronto: Mentor, 1967; reprint), pp. 53-55.

⁹*Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII (London: Cambridge, 1961 reprint), p. 88 and the *Oxford History of English Literature*, V (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1962. Second edition, revised.), p. 129.

II

In addition to the fifty-seven poems in *Clarastella*, Humphrey Moseley printed twenty-three *Poems occasional*, twelve *Elegies*, 193 *Epigrams*, and four *Satyrs*. The *Satyrs* is the only group of poems in this book without a separate title page. The fact the *Satyrs* alone has no title page does suggest the possibility that Moseley may have meant to publish each of the groups of poems separately. In dealing with the *Satyrs* he may have considered publishing them together with the *Epigrams* for the reasons mentioned below; or at that point he may have decided to publish all the poetry together, which he did, making a separate title page for the *Satyrs* unnecessary.

"Satyr 1" is distinguishable from the rest only in its passing use of Greek and its gloss referring us to Du Bartas. All the *Satyrs* have a thumping rhythm that rings with deafing monotony on the ear, but at their best the poems can accommodate this addiction to stiff pentameter couplets to a certain broad humor. They point forward more to the Restoration than they look back to Jonson or Donne.

Though the *Satyrs* try to give us a picture of the follies of the time, Heath writes more comfortably about things around and of more genuine concern to him in the smaller scope of his *Epigrams*. He treats the conventional topics of the epigrammatist, and he writes in his accustomed thumping couplets, but among the nearly 200 epigrams he does have some good verses mingling with the bad majority. The better poems tell of his awareness of Jonson's pre-eminence in writing the "English Epigram," his feeling of superiority "To W. B. a *smal Poet*," his friendships with Mr. H. N. and T. S. Esquire. There are several epigrams directed "To the Reader." Perhaps the fact that Heath prefaced only the *Epigrams* with a

letter "To the Reader" and divided the poems into two books, interspersing throughout those several verses "*To the Reader*" may suggest that he definitely planned to print this collection, possibly along with the *Satyr*s since there is the satirical and formal connection between the *Epigrams* and the *Satyr*s, and there is no separate title page for the latter.

The *Elegies* probably tell us more about Heath's associates than any other group of his poems, for they are all but one upon the deaths of his friends, and the one exception is on a musician's loss of three fingers in the Civil War. Heath laments the death of another musician, "... W. Lawes, *slain in this unhappy Civil Warr.*" His friend, T. S. *Esquire*, whom he praised in an epigram is mourned here as one of the victims of "*the first fight at Newbery, 1645.*" The four women to whom he pays final tribute are identified only by their initials like his friend T. S. and the mutilated musician, but all the other men are fully identified: Sir Bevil Grenvil, Ed. Sackvil, *Esquire*, Lord Bernard Stewart, and the most famous of all, Mr. W[illiam] Lawes, who was also elegized by Herrick, good friend to both William and Henry Lawes.

The *Elegies* and a few of the *Poems occasional*¹⁰ are the most "historical documents" a reader can use imaginatively to reconstruct Heath's world: London, Cambridge, the War, a Royalist's yearning for peace, and his lamentations on the deaths of his friends. Humphrey Moseley's preface to the entire collection, "The Stationer To the Reader," states that he, not Heath, is responsible for publishing the book. The first line of the commendatory poem by G. H. suggests that Heath was out of the country when the collection was issued in 1650—proba-

¹⁰"*On the unusual cold and rainie weather in the Summer. 1648*" (p. 9), "*To a Friend wishing peace*" (p. 20), "*Song in a siege*" (p. 22), and "*On the Creeple souldiers marching in Oxford in the Lord Thr. Cottington's Companie*" (p. 23).

bly a prudent absence for one late in the service of the recently executed King.

However, it is not Heath's historical world as glimpsed explicitly or implicitly in his poems that holds our attention for long; rather it is his virtual world, the world of his imagination that re-creates for us at least a small portion of that rich landscape of seventeenth-century literature. A survey of the *Satyrs*, *Epigrams*, *Elegies*, and *Poems occasional* brings us back somewhat more grateful to Clarastella than when we left her singing, dancing, catching cold, playing the lute, walking in the snow or in her garden, being frightened by a cat's eyes in the dark, threatening to go to a nunnery, complaining of her lover's long kisses or just watching her sleeping. Sometimes this little world of the enclosed love garden cloyes with too much sweetness, but then we come upon those poems where saccharine artifice is occasionally redeemed by a lively sensuality—if never quite with the passionately intelligent Art of Donne or Jonson—and we appreciate *Clarastella*.

For funds that supported this study, I thank the Office of Scientific and Scholarly Research of the University of Oregon, the Canada Council, and the President's Research Grants Committee of Simon Fraser University. I am grateful for the help I have received from Donald M. Friedman, the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, the British Museum, and the libraries of the University of Oregon, the University of British Columbia, and Simon Fraser University.

FREDERICK H. CANDELARIA

Simon Fraser University
Burnaby (Vancouver), B. C.
Canada

Claraftella;

Together with

{ *Poems occasional,*
Elegies,
Epigrams,
Satyr.

By Robert Heath, *Esquire.*

LONDON,

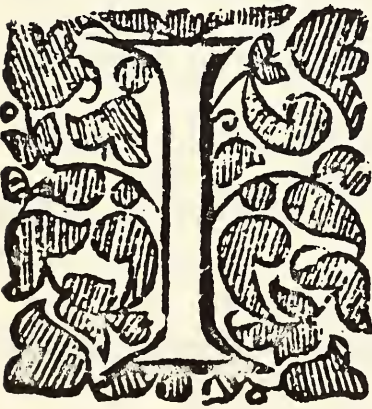
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Church-yard, 1 6 5 0.





THE
STATIONER
To the Reader.

Gentlemen,



Presume upon your
Candour in the En-
tertainment of these
Poems ; otherwise I
should despair of
the Authours mer-
cy ; I confess my presumption great,
that have ventured to the Press
without his knowledge ; but the
gallantness and Ingenuity of the

Gentleman is so Eminent in every thing, that I could not imagine, but that the meanest of his recreations, (for such was this) might carry much in it, worthy of the publick view : besides the approbation of some friends hath heightened my desire of publishing it ; who (upon their revising of it) do assure mee, that it is a *sweet piece of excellent fancie*, and worthy to be called the Authours own issue. Upon this Confidence, I expose it to the world, and remain.

*Your faithfull servant in this
or any other way,*

H. MOSELEY.



To my honoured friend M^r R.H. on his rich *Poems* and *Satyrs*.

THou'rt gone, and yet Thou'rt here, to let us see
The pow'r of verse, how't makes Ubiquitie :
Thus th' husbandman away the Harvest bears,
And leav's the Poor to glean som scatter'd ears;
Thus we enjoy the Tap-wort of thy Muse,
Whilst others quaff off thy Diviner juyce :
That thou wilt drop these Crums, 'tis Comfort yet
To them that Cann't deserve thy Cates to eat ;
Thy Dainties are for forreign pallats, wee
Are bless'd with scraps, That too, no thank to thee ;
For had not Fate, or Providence thrown us These,
Hunger had been our Fare — and without Ease.
But I have seen thy choycest cheer, and wish
Thy severall Arts to th'making up one dish :
Thy rich Composures. I have seen Thee Frame
Varietie in that, which was the same :
But much-good-dō't-you Friends ! for wee're not right,
Either in Pallat, or in Appetite.
Ne'r fewer Raptures in an Age, less wit,
Less Judgement, Fancie, Poetry, and yet
Th'unthrifty Science ne'r more credit gain'd,
Nor Poesie in greater triumph raig'n'd :
The Laurel fades on Mercenary browes,
But on the neck of Honour spreads her boughes.

*When Salary and profit rul'd the Age,
 Some few, would, now and then, ride post, a stage;
 But Now 'tis otherwise -- the Nobler steed
 Fames fleetest Coursers, Pegasus own breed
 Do stately prounce 'bout Helicons Lov'd Brink,
 And at the Muses-well would daily drink.
 The Alteration of the Times is such,
 Great ones turn Poets now -- and so grow rich.
 All witt at Livery stood before, but now
 The Gentry are at leisure, a Lord too
 Can spare his great attendance, whilst hee sits
 And Votes -- Happy the man 'Can live by's wits.
 And such art Thou -----
 Had'st thou breath'd, then, thine Ayres, so pure and free
 Tb'adst won the VVench, that now enjoy'st the Tree;
 Apollo, then, would ha' been forc'd t' resign,
 His Courtship (friend) would have come short of Thine;
 The greater favour, thine, I take to bee,
 While Hee grasps Her, shee twines Her Arms 'bout Thee.*

G.H.

Poems



POEMS, &c.

The Temple of Virtue.



Each me an Eagles plume ! or take
 From *Mercurie's* Æthereal wing
 Some highborn quill my pen to make,
 Whilst I of Virtue sing !
 Th'Imperial Bay which Poets wore
 In *Saturn's* age, and humbly grew
 From base ignoble earth, is poore ;
 My Temples some more new
 Unheard-of garland shall invest ;
 One of *Apollo's* burnish'd hair
 Twisted with threds of life, and drest
 With *Sol's* bright raies, Ile weare.
 Hence all prophaner ears ! my Lyre
 Exalted to Seraphick height,
 Ecchoes streins worthy such a Quire,
 And scorns a lower flight.
 Mounted me thinks on *Pegasus*,
 From the despis'd world I flie
 Aloft in clouds, where soaring thus
 I view this Deitie.
 There sits she crown'd in glorious state,
 And whitest robes of Innocence ;
 Not in that poore despis'd estate
 As she was banisht hence.

4

Claraſtella.

I'th' miſt of a fair temple, there
 Unto her Honour conſecrate,
 Her handmaids 'bout her Royal chair
 Adorn'd with Trophies wait.
 Oh did blind mortals but behold,
 How ſhe diſpenſeth gifts each where
 To her attendants, I'd be bold
 They would with greater care
 Serve at her Altars ! but alas !
 They fondly ſleight her here below,
 And think her nothing worth, becauſe
 Shee doth ſo meanly go.
 They do not know what Conqueſt 'tis
 To have o'rcome one Rebel vice,
 What crowns of joy he purchaſes
 Who gets ſuch victories.
Virtue rewardeth ſure, though late ;
 Who growes ſoon rich by policie
 And thriving Arts, doth purchaſe hate,
 And robs his market, he
 Thus by foreſtalling it. Light gains
 Make heavie purſes : Honeltie
 That doth it ſelf reward, diſdains
 Boones oft in modeſtie.
 For *Virtues* ſake lets her aſſect
 And not for praiſe or benefit
 Accruing thence, ſuch by-reſpect
 Robbs both our ſelves, and it.
 Oh what a glorious Court doth there
 Of all the *Graces Virtues* too
 In female ſhape and drefſe appear !
 As if they would out-doe
 The Heav'ns in ſplendour, and confine
 All worth unto that ſex ! behold
 Where *Modeſtie* in bluſh divine
 With Roſes ſet in gold
 Triumphant ſhines ! and cloſe by her,
Silence that Pythagorean grace

Claraſtella.

5

Hee taught his ſcholars, but by far
 More becomes female race.
 Next her ſits *Innocence* arrai'd
 In ſnow-white robes, and on her head
 A Chaplet wears of *Love* all made
 And Lillies mingled.
 Hard by this Peer ſits *Chſtitie*,
 Her ears cloſe bound about, for fear
 (Though crown'd with Lillies too) leſt ſhe
 Should ought offensive hear.
 By her with book in hand, her eies
 Fixt upwards ſits true *Pittie*,
 As ſhe with Prai'r cou'd pierce the ſkies,
 Crown'd with a Galaxie.
 There *Love*, here *Affabilitie*,
 And by her, noble *Gentleneſs* ;
 By whom ſits faithful *Conſtancie*,
 Each deckt in ſeveral dreſſe :
 Loweſt of all *Humilitie*
 Stands gravely by, as who wou'd ſay
 (Though She were crowned too) that ſhee
 Serv'd waitingmaid that day.
 More do I Laureate view among
 Theſe holy Nymphs ; but oh ! I ſee
 High above all this ſacred throng,
 A richer Deitie,
 To whom theſe homage did, ſo fair,
 That I'l approach and neerer prie ;
 Chiefly our eies delighted are
 With Curioſitie.
 Nor is't enough one *Grace* to know ;
 The way's all pav'd with ſtars, to bliſſe ;
 We muſt from one to th'other go,
 And climb to perfectneſs.
 I'l through each Glorie then, and ſee
 What mighty Goddeſſe dwelleth there,
 Ruling with ſo much Majeſtie
 In this diviner ſphere.

6

Claraſtella.

It muſt be ſhe, and ſhee alone,
 (Unleſs my dazled eies miſtake)
 Whom all theſe Virtues wait upon,
 And their Queen Regent make.
 'Tis ſhee : lov'd *Claraſtella*, ſhe
 Theſe Virtues *court* : with whoſe faire ſtore
 All mankind might enriched be,
 And yet not leave her poor.
 Thy pardon yet dear Quinteſſence
 Of all perfection ! if I —
 In this thy holy conference
 Intruding preſſe too nigh.
 'Twas *Love* did guide me to thy ſhrine,
 Where I'l adoring ſerve alone
 Thee, *Virtues* ſelf, whoſe ſoul divine
 doth make theſe all, but one.

On a duſt got in Claraſtella's eie.

CAN I with patience this my rival ſee
 Courting thoſe flames ſo long ador'd by mee ?
 Forcing her ſhut her eies from me, and thaw
 A tear, which all my ſighes ne'r thence could draw ?
 Canſt thou ſmall crum of earth eclips my Sun,
 And make it ſet in clouds e'r day be done ?
 Could ought but Atomes to this Orb aſpire ?
 Durſt ought but duſt approach ſo great a fire ?
 Hence thou unluckie beam, but more unkind,
 That mak'ſt at once me and my *Stella* blind !
 What have I ſaid ? my pious rage hath burn'd
 Too hot, and hath on the wrong object turn'd :
 Forgive me little moat ; I know thou'rt free ;
 How hath my angry zeale accused thee ?
 'Las thou waſt thither onely ſent by me,
 My guiltleſs loves unhappy *Mercurie*.

Wouldſt

Claraſtella.

7

Wouldſt know then (Faireſt) whence this duſt doth riſe?
 'Tis cauſ'd by th' flaming ſparkles of thine eies,
 Which like the lightning through my veins have ſhot
 Such ardent flames of love, ſo ſcorching hot,
 My heart's ev'n burnt to aſhes ; hence it flies,
 Duſt as you made it, back into your eies.

*On Claraſtella ſinging to the Eccho at
 Aythorn Church in Kent.*

'T Was when the Sun had purpled all the Weſt,
 And newly ſtole into his Roſie neſt
 To bring the Tartars morn ; our Nymph was grown
 Weary with walking, and did lay her down
 Upon the tender trefoiles, glad to yield
 Unto ſo ſoft a preſſure, in a field
 Neer *Aythorns* holy Church, to ſatisſie
 Our joynt requests with her ſweet harmonie ;
 In a ſerene ſtil Summers evening,
 Fair *Stella* did exalt her voyce and ſing.

And as the torrent of her melodie
 Did genly flow in new varietie
 Of melting ſtreins, in whoſe ſwoln rapsodies
 Shee cool'd the dayes heat, and thus fann'd the ſkies,
 Her Zephyre breath no ſooner whiſper'd to
 The ſacred walls, but ſtreight was answer'd too ;
 As if her Angel voyce had eccho'd bin
 By the bleſt muſick of ſome Cherubin :
 Whilſt from the Church the liſtning Spirit there
 Through envie of her phanſies chirp't to her,
 And with diſtinguiſht tones in ev'ry mood
 And ſkilful accent made her murmurs good.
 'Twas in the Church this Rival dwelt ; 'tis there
 A better Eccho wil our ſighings hear

8 Claraſtella.

And answer too, though ne'r so softly groand :
 (Where live thou ſtil in this thy ſphere enthron'd)

 Soon as Shee did perceive her Art out-done
 By the inviſible diviſion

Of the Reporters voyce, ſhe ſtretcht her throat
 And warbling daunced on a treble noat
 In loſtier meaſures. Theſe th'*Eccho* likewise ſent
 More perfect back, than from her firſt they went.

 Shame now 'twixt grief and anger plac'd, did raiſe
 Our *Stella*, and provoke to ſecond laies :

One whiles ſhe ſoars like the morns Lark on high,
 As with exalted voyce ſhee'd pierce the ſkie,

Then with a ſullen flat and deeper baſe,

As ſhe would marrie her Immortal laies

With her diviner Odes, ſhe humbly dwels

O'th' *Gamut*. Th'*Eccho* too this leſſon ſpels,

And thus repeating deſcants on each ſtrein

Much more diſtinctly reliſh'd and more plain.

How have I lov'd Church-muſick e'r ſince I

Fiſt there heard this ſo heav'nly harmonie ?

 Thus by alternate ſtrivings as they had

Ev'n ſung the Sun aſleep, and made us ſad

In their behalf, ſcarce knowing which t'admire,

And count the Miſtreſſe of this holy Quire :

Our *Stella* did attempt it once again

To get the conqueſt ; but alas ! in vain

She ſtriving tir'd, and tir'd was fain to yield,

While the Church-Saint was heard the laſt i'th' field.

Claraſtella.

9

On Loving at firſt ſight.

SO ſmiles the Sun indeed with cheerful eie
 On the bright gold his raies inform'd ; and ſo
 Doth that its borrow'd beams reflect. But why
 Our hearts turn'd Solar, ſhould each other wooe
 In ſilence by aſpect, I wonder, I.

The Heliotrope that marks with watchful eie
 His *Sol's* beloved face, and gathers thence
 Thoſe am'rous features which he there did ſpie,
 Preſerving them by ſecret influence,
 Waits on him with religious Loyaltie.

By ſighes and groans ſo wooe the Turtles, and
 Thus doe the Mutes by ſignes articulate
 Myſteriouſly each other underſtand ;
 And in this *Brachygraphie* can relate
 Their wils, with onely help of eie and hand.

Nature and Art doth theſe inſtruct, but we
 Led with more reaſon do our loves expreſſe
 By louder organs tongues : though the eie be
 The ſouls true ſpeaking index I confeſſe,
 Yet do we more believe the ear, than eie.

Our formes in *mirrours* weep with us, or ſmile ;
 So at theſe chriſtal caſements of the eies,
 Our other ſelves are repreſented, while
 Each viſual beam by repercuſſion is
 Firſt met, and ſo retort by joynt recoyle.

Thus from the ſparkling beam of eithers eie,
 Fann'd by their medium air, their hearts prepar'd,
 Like tinder, catch Loves fire by ſympathie,
 And mingle flames. Let Lovers then aſtward
 Cupid his eies, ſince theirs ſo wel can ſee.

Clarastella,

*On a black mole on Claraſtella's
faire cheek.*

HOW fair a Character hath Nature wrot !
 And printed on her cheek in black and white !
 While this i'th' fairer Copie is no blot,
 But a ful period ; that the Reader might
 The better underſtand the ſence, and know
 That here Shee ſtopt, and could no further go.

As when the ſkilful Artiſt hath expreſt
 With lively colours a fair countenance,
 Yet he at laſt doth ſhadow forth the reſt,
 And ſo with ſhades the beauty much advance :
 So Nature having drawn this lovely piece,
 VVith this *laſt ſhade* perfects her Artifice.

'Tis like the mark o'th' richer text : or hand
 O'th' margent leading to ſome Paradife,
 VVhere't points at ſome choiſe flow'r i'th' garden, and
 Bids you there fix, and feaſt your greedie cies :
 This molehil's *Cupids* throne, on which he ſits,
 And with his love-arm'd ſhafts each breſt he hits.

Let meaner beauties patch their painted faces,
 Studying the black art of complection,
 Nature hath here without Arts helping Graces,
 Firmly engraved all perfection.
Stella's the pattern which they imitate ;
 They have no form but what they do create.

Bleeding

Clarastella.

11

*Bleeding at the nose at Clarastella's
approach.*

SO at the Murtherers approach we see
 The Corps weep at its wounds again ;
 And I who first was slain
 And rob'd of Reasons soul by thee,
 Walk but a living Corps, and drawing nigh,
 Thus doth my guiltless blood thy murder crie.
 From my dead heart it flowes, and boldly there
 It stares thee in thy guiltie face
 (Fair cruel Murthereſſe !)
 Soon as I thee approach more near :
 While thus the ſpirits all emitted are,
 And for thee bluſhing in my face appear.
 Yet back thou ſmal remainder of my life
 And bid my drooping heart revive
 Which thus again may live,
 Could it but ſome remorseful grief
 Raiſe in thee at this horrid ſight, that then
 You may be quit, and I no Gholt agen.

Seeing Her Dancing.

RObes looſly flowing, and aſpect as free,
 A careleſſe carriage deckt with modeſtie ;
 A ſmiling look, but yet ſevere :
 Such comely Graces 'bout her were.
 Her ſteps with ſuch an evenneſs ſhe wove,
 As ſhee could hardly be perceiv'd to move ;
 Whilſt her ſilk ſailes diſplaid, ſhee
 Swam like a ſhip with Majeſtie.

As

12

Claraſtella.

As when with ſtedfaſt eies we view the Sun,
 We know it goes though ſee no motion ;
 So undiſcern'd ſhe mov'd, that we
 Perceiv'd ſhee ſtirr'd, but did not ſee.

To her having got a great Cold.

What blaſting dewes are theſe
 That on thy active ſpirits ſeize ?
 And tie that tongue, did make
 Muſick to all that heard it ſpeak ?
 As by the fire Ice is
 Made by Antiperiſtaſis ;
 So doth thy hearts flame within
 And th'warm ayr ambient 'bout thy ſkin
 And colder ſelf, congeal it
 To ſuch a coldneſſe you ſcarce feel it.
 'Tis ſo : the heat is more intenſe
 And glowes by th'numneſs of each ſenſe.
 But oh ! that vital part
 Kil not (thou cruel froſt !) her heart !
 May th'Elemental fire
 That burns there purely through deſire,
 Scorch, like our fires below
 More fiercely, for the froſt and ſnow !

The Invocation to Cupid.

OH do not look me dead, fair eies !
 Do not allure and then deſpiſe !
 Be kind but as your picture ! that
 Will look and ſmile, though you will not.

Clarastella.

13

Ye Gods ! or women make lesse fair !
 Or else lesse cruell then they are !
 Or strike me *Cupid* blind like thee,
 So I my torment shal not see.

*To one blaming my high-minded
 Love.*

TOO great ? wherein ? is it in wealth or bloud ?
 Or is she any way too good ?
 The sacred treasure that I bring, is *Love*,
 Angels enjoy nor wish no more ;
 'Tis Sovereign too, and sans allay will prove
 As rich as both *her Indies* doubled o're.
 Love makes equality ; nor wil admit
 Finites should bound an Infinite :
 Who sets no value on himself, shal ne'r
 By others much esteemed be.
 Blind *Cupid* doth assist the bold, while fear
 Unman's the heart, and shuts the Lovers eie.
 But she is high and wel-discended ; true ;
 My birth stiles me as freeborn too ;
 No peasant bloud doth stein or chil my veins,
 And the proud Youth that warms them, he
 Was of a Goddess born, and thus disdeins
 I should adore lesse than a Deitie.
 My loves diviner flames do upwards flie
 By nature like their sparks on high ;
 Base heavy things do only downward tend
 To the dull center gave them birth ;
 But heav'n-deduced spirits there ascend :
 Whilst low ignoble minds fix to their earth.
 Mans sight erected looks to Heav'n, that so
 His thoughts he there might level too :

She

14

ClaraStella.

She is the *Empyæum* of my love ;
 Whose Glories though they blast mine eys,
 Yet shall my Eagles singed feathers prove
 Bright Trophæes of a gallant enterprife.

*On ClaraStella's Picture drawn
 very like her.*

Fair shadow of a fairer substance ! when
 Thy lively second self I see ,
 Nature doth blush that by Arts pow'rful pen
 Stella agen create should bee.
 See where She all identifi'd appears
 Except that soul we cannot see !
 Whilst this, her eys, forme, shape, and colour wears,
 And 'cud it breath, w'ud say 'twere She.
 Bright Image of my Saint ! to thee I'd bow,
 Were it not flat Idolatrie,
 To think thoult hear what scarce *deaf* she wil do,
 In hope thy lips can answer, I.
 Yet will I make this holy use of thee:
 The looking oft on thee may mind
 Me of that more respectfull Deitie
 That to my prai'rs may be enclin'd.

*On Mrs. E. H. having red haire on her
 head, and on her left side a pure white
 lock growing.*

Tell me no more of *Helen* fair,
 Of *Daphne*, or that famous pair

Clarastella.

Of lovely Dames whom *Jove* did court
 And tempted to his bed of sport.
 Such a fair wonder I shal tel
 The Golden age cann't paralel :
 Her hair the richest *Metal* yields,
 Whilst she like *Ceres* gilds the fields ;
 And her smooth flesh with red and white
 So fitly mixt, so purely bright,
 While the choise flow'rs there smile so gay,
 She's fair as *Flora* fresh as *May*.
 Lillie and Rose dwell in her face,
 In ev'ry look and smile a *Grace*,
 And in whom all is understood
 What we count either Fair or Good.

As is the Saints more precious head
 With gilded raies environed ;
 So 'bout this Comet you shal see
 The Embleme of her Deitie.
 Such light surrounds, that all may say
 'Tis she not *Phæbus* rules the day ;
 While those loose flames about her spread,
 Irradiate, not shade her head.
 Let me adore this Saint-like Shrine,
 Ther's treasure in this golden mine :
 It was not *Jason*, no ; 'twas She
 That got the Golden Flicce, *not he*.
 She whose sweet looks and glorious hair
 Dart like warm lightning through the air :
 That in this golden show'r of love
 She seems like *Danaë* fit for *Jove* ;
 And the gilt threads which twisted lie
 Wreathed with Arts Embroaderie,
 About her Temples, in her praise
 A Garland and a Crown do raise.
 Why should fond Phansie then compare
 The sadder with the brighter haire ?
 Black tresses 'come the browner hue
 To set it off the better : you

16

Claraſtella.

Need no ſuch foile ; your Angel face
Wants neither beauty, worth, nor grace.

But here ! behold a *ſilver beam*
Which from this Blazing-ſtar doth ſtream,
And in ſuch curling waves doth flow
About her Ivory breſt below ;
White as the ſoul ſhe wears within,
Doth ſpeak her pure and free from ſin !
Not the blancht ſnow or Pearly dew
Of Morn, affords a brighter hue.
Here is that Chriſtal milky way
Which leads (like morning to the day)
To Heav'n : oh thither let me come
And climb to loves *Elyſium* !
So fitly on her left ſide plac'd,
And with ſuch beauty it is grac'd,
That Nature ſure when this ſhe gave her,
Bid her there wear it as her favour.

As in our Heraldry we deem
Theſe colors of the beſt eſteem ,
With *Sol* and *Luna* blazing forth
The nobler Arms of higher worth :
So Nature having drawn this piece
(Then which was never artifice
So neatly pen'd and poliſht o'r
With ſkilful art and beauty more)
Reſolv'd for its great worth and fame,
To put it in a Golden frame.
If in theſe outward parts we find
Such worth ; what bears her richer mind ?

May this fair grove then never fade !
Or be by blaſting time decaid !
May age ne'r hoar that lovely hair,
Or leave that golden mountain bare !
May not thy envicous kemb preſume
To pluck from thee one precious plume!
But if you ſhed a hair let't prove
A chain to lead thy captiv'd love

Or

Claraſtella.

17

Or let 't a holy Relique be
 Preferv'd to after ages free.
 That the ſucceeding times may tell,
 This from the Queen of Beauty fell.

Amoris Somnium. *To Claraſtella.*

LOVE is a waking dream, where both the mind
 And all the ſenſes drown'd in ſleep we find :
 Only the Phanſie worketh, that doth range
 And to a thouſand ſtrange *Ideas* change.
 For as in dreams we often turn, and ſigh,
 And groan, as if we were about to die,
 Sometimes we ſtartle as we were afraid,
 Then breath diſtracted words, and cry for aid:
 So in a trance true Lovers reſtles are,
 Fraught with diſorder'd thoughts, and full of care,
 So ſpeechles too, when they with grief oppreſt
 Speak ſomewhat, and in ſighs do vent the reſt.
Stella! when thus you ſee me, wake me pray;
 You know what ayles me, though I nothing ſay.

On Claraſtella ſinging.

YE that in love delight
 Approach this ſacred Quire, and feaſt your ears !
 Whiſt ſhe the ſweeteſt Syren ſings,
 Whoſe muſick equals the harmonious ſpheres,
 And perhaps richer pleaſure brings !
 The dying Swan or *Philomel*
 O'th' wood, nor warble's half ſo wel ;
 Obſerve

18

ClaraStella.

Observe the cadence where each dying sound,
Creates new Eccho's to a list rebound.

Here's musick to the sight:
She looks and sings with such Majestick grace,
That when I *ClaraStella* hear,
She more than woman seems, her voice and face
Taking at once both eye and ear,
That which of these two senses may
Be most refresh'd, is hard to say.
To glorify her after death, Shee'll ne'r
Need change; She's Angel now, and Heav'n is here.

*A Love Dialogue between Damon
and Stella.*

- Dam.** I Prithee *Stella* why so coy?
Be free as fair, and wee'll enjoy
New pleasures to Eternitie.
- Stel.** — O no: I dare not, I.
- Dam.** Nature's Apostate wilt thou prove,
That cements all with love?
When all her creatures coupl'd are,
Will you be singular?
- Stel.** Though all were Male and Female made,
Yet none shal me invade.
- Dam.** View but our mother earth whose fruit
Ads all the glory to it!
Where all things generate with delight,
And feeling appetite.
- Stel.** I don't abjure societie,
'Tis fate commands Antipathie.
- Dam.** The Sun whose pow'r'full influence
Actuates each soul with sence,
Inflames chaste Turtles with desires;
And can you want *such* fires?

Stel.

Claraftella.

19

Stel. Yes : and *that* bird fhall imitate
That lives without a mate.

Dam. Th' Arabian foul is chafte alone
Because it is but one :

For had wife Nature made them two ,
They wu'd like Doves and Sparrows do.

Stel. Yet the chafte *Phanix* is admir'd,
And thought the rareft bird.

Dam. No: ſhe is Nature's wonder, 'cauſe
She only breaks her laws ;
For which a Martyr in deſire,
She penance doth in fire.

Stel. But I ſhall die with cold. *Dam.* How then
Can you inflame us men ?

Stel. Although mine eye may ſparkle, yet
My heart is frozen quite.

Chorus. With warm embraces, hot deſires,
And with loves ſoft yet active fires ,
Let's warme each other til we prove
One flaming ſacrifice to Love.

Claraftella *playing ſweetly on the Lute.*

THat empty guts of beaſts, and hollow wood,
So rare a ſound ſhould make, what mortal wu'd
Believe ? did he not ſee what heav'nly hand
Made the ſtrings move and breath, at whoſe command
They died, or Ecchoed from the ſacred Quire
Lays, did our ſouls as wel as them, inſpire ?
His loſt *Euroidice* when *Orpheus* won,
Alas, his ſkil compar'd with thine, was none ;
He only taught the rocks to dance, you move
Each ſtony heart, inflam'd by you, to love ;

Then

20

Claraſtella.

Then with your pow'rful and enchaunting hand
 Turn us to ſtones agen, and make us ſtand
 Like unmov'd Statues, whilſt amazed we
 Attend the voice of heav'n's bleſt harmonie,
 How the Gods liſten to her graceful ayrs
 Attentive as to Saints devouter pray'rs ?
 Wiſhing ſhee'd in thoſe dying ſounds expire
 In ſwanlike extaſie, to fil their quire !
 Hark how ſhe whiſpers from that holy bow'r,
 An Ep'taph for each wounded Auditour !
 While from her ſweeter hand the warbling lyre
 Borrows that ſweetnes we ſo much admire.
 Toucht by her quickning joints the active ſtrings
 Leap to expreſſe their joys, whilſt the ſound brings
 Such new delight ; I could but wiſh this bliſſe,
 That hearing her, I had no ſenſe but this.

*To Claraſtella. Loves
 entertainment.*

WHEN Love was exild Heav'n, and to and fro
 For want of friends did here a begging go,
 To ſeek relief, in this ſad pilgrimage
 I entertein'd the Youth my mænial page.
 And though he was of many held in ſcorn,
 Yet knew I he was of a Goddeſſe born.
 For whoſe fair ſake I took him home, and laid
 Him in the faireſt lodging that I had.
 I cloath'd the hungerſterv'd wretch when he
 Was almoſt dead for cold and miſery :
 Daily I fed him with my ſighs, and in
 My tears he quencht his thirſt and bath'd his ſkin.
 Encourag'd thus the lad grew ſawcie, he
 Would from a ſervant now a Maſter be.

First

Claraſtella.

21

Firſt he entic'd my thoughts and cunningly
 Wrought their conſent to the Conſpiracie ;
 Then he faſt bound my ſenſes by *ſurpriſe*,
 That ſo he might at th' *Porſhole* of mine eys
 Bring in's Aſſociate ; then ſet th' *fort* on fire,
 Having betraid the *breafworks* to deſire.

You are that Goddeſſe hatcht and ſent this ſpie,
 I therefore do forgive his treacherie.
 (Fair Empreſſe) now y'have got it by a wile,
 I'l teach you how to keep it : with a ſmile.

*On Claraſtella walking in the Snow
 that diſſolved aſſoon as it came near
 her or the ground ſhe trod on.*

WHen Heav'ns Mercurial drops flew gently down,
 As they would cloath not pierce the ground ;
 Yet they no ſooner landed and faln near
 Her Glories, but 'twixt grief and fear
 Left by her candor their's ſhould be outvyd,
 In Envies tears diſſolving di'd.
 So have I ſeen bright falling Stars in ſhow,
 Quench in dark gellies here below,
 When they falſe Meteors did (deſcended) ſpie
 A truer light in *Stella's* eie :
 Thus not hearts only when her warmth is felt
 But Snow and fire it ſelf do melt.

To

ClaraStella.

To ClaraStella. Loves Silence.

Ay me ! when I
 Am blind with passion why
 Should my best reason speechlesse prove ?
 Doth joyes excesse
 (Which words can nere expresse)
 In silent Rhetorick speake my love ?
 If so ; each smother'd sigh wil vent my smart,
 And say, I love not with my tongue, but heart.
 But oh ! if She
 (Blind boy!) should chance to be
 As deaf, as my discourse is dumb,
 Ile never more
 Thy Deitie adore,
 Or to thee 'ere for refuge come.
 O when thou see'st me stand thus mute and blind,
 For pitties sake (my *Stella* !) then be kind !
 Know that such love
 Like Heav'ns comes from above,
 And is beyond expression large ;
 Language is weak,
 And should I strive to speak
 Words would but lessen not discharge.
 My Loves deep Sea's as silent as profound :
 Ful Caskes stand mute, only the empty sound.

ClaraStella

Claraſtella.

23

Claraſtella diſtrusting.

YOU ſay you love me, nay can ſwear it too,
 But ſtay Sir t'wil not doe ;
 I know you keep your oathes
 Juſt as you wear your cloathes ;
 Whiſt new, and freſh in faſhion ;
 But once grown old you lay them by,
 Forgot like words you ſpeak in paſſion,
 I'll not believe you, I.

*To Claraſtella affrighted at the ſight of
 a Cat's fiery eies in the dark, which
 cauſed her to ſhreik.*

THy ſhril voyce pierc'd each apprehenſive ear
 Deep, as thy heart could ſmitten be with fear ;
 That, if I had not known the tongue, I could
 Ha' wiſht it out : but ſince fate pleas'd I ſhould
 Be thus o'th' ſudden thunder-ſtrucken, why
 Saw I no lightning from thy troubled eie ?
 Forewarn'd thus had I been forearm'd, and though
 Prevented not, I had foreſeen the blow.
 Ne'r weeping Stag, thus frighted, cry'd ſo loud
 Though by his thirſtie foes ſo cloſe purſu'd,
 As thou (fair) *Stella* at the ſight of that
 Some Heathen worſhip as their God, a Cat,
 VVhoſe glaring eies did unexpected ſhine
 But with like wonder for to gaze on thine.
 And as they at ful Moon encreaſe : ſo now
 The fulneſs of your glory ſwell'd them too.
 Since lightning flew from each amazed eie,
 I mar'l not ſuch a clap did follow, I.

Claraſtella.

*On a Fleabite eſpied on her
fair hand.*

BEhold how like a lovely fragrant Roſe
 Midſt a fair Lillie bed,
 Or ſet in Pearl like a bright Rubie ſhows,
 This little ſpot of red !
 Art could not die a Crimſon half ſo good
 As this was made by th' tincture of her bloud.

The cunning Leech knew that the richeſt bloud
 In azure veins did lie ;
 Choofing thy young ſoft tender fleſh for food
 Reſolv'd thus to feed high :
 Thus being Nectar-fill'd and ſwell'd with pride,
 He thinks he's now to you *by bloud* alli'd.

O how I envy thee ſmal creature, and
 Ev'n wiſh thy ſhape on me,
 That ſo I might but kiſſe that ſacred hand
 That giveth life to thee !
 That which I hardly now can cover'd kiſſe,
 Then I might naked touch and taſt my bliſſe.

And though for drawing ſo much guiltles bloud
 Thou wel deſerv'ſt to die,
 With a gold chain about thy neck, I wu'd
 Have thee kept daintilie
 As *Scaliger's* was in a box ; and ſhown
 As *Stella's* gentle Fairie up and down.

Claraſtella.

25

*On the taking of an Amethiſt ring from
off Claraſtella's finger as ſhe
was ſleeping.*

THOU ſacred ſtone whoſe native heat preſervs
Man as he was created, rational,
Infuſe thy virtues through my Optick nervs !
Thus while thy temp'rance I behold, I ſhal
In ſtupid draughts my health and reaſon ne'r enſlral.

Rubies that moſt reſemble flames, are ſo
Devoid of heat no fire can warm them, wine
Thus though this cheerful ſtone reſembles too
Scorns yet to ſtoop to *Bacchus* reeling Vine
Or let his Oppium prey upon his ſprite divine.

Thou more enchanted than was *Gyges* ring
Keep then my ſouls eys ope while others lie
Steept, or transform'd in wild *Lyæus* ſing
Io's to madneſs, yet do thou let me
Unſeen but to my ſelf approach this Deitie.

How't bluſhes for me at the guilt of this
High ſacrilege ! Yet though from her I got
This virtue ſleeping, ſhe not plundred is.
Fair *Stella* wears a better Antidote
Both for and 'gainſt the falling ſickneſs : wot you u wat ?

B

Loves

ClaraStella.

Loves Expiration.

BY custom who so bold as he
 That cannot see ?
 Yet I by sad experience find,
 My love's most modest when mine eyes are blind:
 Why should my coward tongue else fear to tel
 My she Physician I'm not wel,
 Whose only art
 Can cure the passion of the heart ?

Why dost thou show such crueltie
 (Young Boy) on me ?
 Wast not enough to wound my heart ?
 Then to add blindness to my former smart,
 But make me speechless that I cann't complain ?
 Thus hopeless to be wel again ?
 What punishment
 Is grief that cannot find a vent ?

Ah *Cupid* ? if thou wilt that I
 For her must die
 Let me but tel her first 'twas she,
 She only that did cause my maladie.
 Assist my tongue with so much courage, I
 May tel her 'tis for her I die!
 Perhaps my grief
 May thus discharg'd, find some relief.

Claraſtella.

*On a Chriſtal Watch preſented
to Claraſtella.*

THou careful Steward of my precious time
 I now transmit thee to a hand ſublime
 And *heav'nly*, that wil guide thy meaſures wel,
 See that to her thou *truth* doſt alwaies tel.
 When ſhe lies down to reſt, then Watch to chuſe
 Let thy ſoft motion quiet ſleep infuſe.
 But when ſhe waking turns her in her bed
 Then be thou nimbly buſie 'bout her head.
 Put her in mind of me ! and to her ſay
 Though ſhe lies ſtil, yet the time poaſts away :
 Charge her not loſe it then ! but to her ſhow
 When it is *time* to love ! then let her know
 That as thou ſo I reſtleſs watch her, and
 My watchful thoughts a guard about her ſtand.
Stand, at that *happy hour*, I find her kind,
 Then let thy ſpeedy wings no motion find.
 Go *only faſt* when ſhe retards in love,
 Then poaſt to ſhort the time, then nimble prove !

True Emblem of my love this Watch I ſend,
 Which to your careful keeping I commend :
 The ballance like my heart, when that beats ſlow
 Then faſt, doth my diſorderd paſſions ſhow :
 The ſtring that holds al, is from *Cupids* bow ,
 If that ſhould break alas it would not go :
 The Chriſtal caſe that keeps it, is mine eie,
 Through which you may the ſev'ral motions ſpie.
 The Wheels are my affections which wil ſtand,
 If you not move them with your gentle hand :
 Oh when it ſlowly goes then raiſe it higher,
 That from thy touch it may new life acquire !

28

ClaraStella.

'Tis in your power to make it by a trick
Go fast or slow, by turning of the nick.
 Let it not once go down ! Watches you know
 With little rest they oft forget to go :
 Love like the Sun should ever active be,
 Which when 't declines, it riseth instantly.

Of Love and Liking.

TO like or not to like, doth lie
 In the election of a curious eie :
 But should I only what I see approve,
 This were but liking and not love.

Or t'would be general, as Boys
 At the first sight long for their gloricus toys,
 Which they embrace til fresh varietie
 Shews fairer objects to the eie.

Go Muse ! and let my *Stella* know
 I like her person wel : but tel her too !
 I love her soul with mine, and thus I find
 When out of sight she's in my mind.

*Dialogue between Sylvio
and Mirtillo.*

Syl. TEl me (if ever you did feel
 The pow'r of *Cupids* fatal steel)
 Why the young Tyrant ads disdain
 Thus to compleat a true loves pain ?

Why

Claraftella.

Why faithful Lovers feldom prove
Belov'd again of thofe they love ?

Myrt. Oh 'tis becaufe true Lovers are
Too fervil fond, and Women care
For things though good if eafie, left :
The dear and hard to get please beft.
For fhould we them but lefs adore,
They'd punifh lefs and love us more.

Syl. But when the Amorift doth find
His love rebukt by fome unkind
Repulfe, why doth he yet admire ?
And with fick hopes ftill feed defire ?
Himfelf afflicting thus in vain
With hopes of what he cann't obtain ?

Myrt. Ah *Sylvio* ! Love is a difeafe
That doth o'th' vital fpirits ceaze,
Whofe dregs time only muft expel :
Hunger in fick folks doth foretel
Deaths fad approach; fo lovesick men
When that's a dying rave agen.

Syl. Why doth he not then ftugling trie
Or to fhake off this Lethargie,
Or as fome peevifh fick men ufe,
Deny'd what they would have, refufe
All comfort, and with like difdain
Since She defpifes hate again ?

Myrt. True lov's not like an Ague fit
That doth of cold and heat admit ;
'Tis a quotidian feaver that
With conftant heat doth thirft create.
That with its warmth doth make each day
Summer, and knows no Month but May.

Repent not then thy wel plac't love, though ſhe
With the like coynefs ſlight its modeſtie!
For who asks doubting left he ſhould obtain,
Inſtructs his Miſtreſs to a coy difdain.

30

Clarastella.

*To Clarastella.
Loves Constancie.*

'T Is no terrestrial fire
Doth with such heat my brest inspire,
For then your beauties Sun
Had lookt it to pale ashes long agon.

'Tis a Promethean flame
Bright as the Orbs from whence it came,
So heav'nly and divine,
Immortal too, that feeds this heart of mine.

Think not (fair *Stella*) then
That I can be inconstant, when
That love can never die
That borrows flames from your celestial eie.

*To Clarastella upon a favour
received from her which
she tied in my hat.*

MAdam! the favour I received from you
I have it in such high esteem
That men might justly deem
Me proud of it, 'cause to the open view,
I wear it alwaies in my hat,
There to be wondred at.

Ruling

Clarastella.

31

Ruling in chief there in bright Majestie
 It doth command all caps to vail
 And say to it, all hail;
 As if they spi'd in that some Deirie,
 The colours they are so divine
 And with such raies do shine.

As forreign ships yield homage whey they see
 Great *Britains* streamers spread on high
 And purpling all the skie :
 So when these Rosie royal colours be
 Displaid, then each Spectatour knows
 That they are yours, and bows:

Juno's gay bird boasts not so brave a plume
 Nor in its greatest pride doth shine
 Like this fair flow'r of thine.
 Me thinks I look like *Memnon*, could assume
 A generals place and overthrow
Englands resisting foe.

A *Hector* fit for *Mars* or *Venus* war
 Under these colours I could fight
 Me thinks both day and night ;
 Attempt bold deeds, kil those my rivals are,
 And through revenge on each black tongue
 That shal thy honour wrong.

Wonder not at this valour ! for I know
 Under your favour, I would conquer you.

Claraſtella's Indiſtment.

MY heart was ſlain when none was by
 But only you and I :
 Durſt it ſelf do this act ?

No : a ſtrange hand did ſhoot that dart
 Which peirc'd ſo deep my heart,
 Nor could I do the fact.

Then I'm o'th' fact acquitted, now
 The guilt muſt lie on you ;
 I wil enquire no further ;

The proof is plain, the Boy that lies
 Hid in your cruel eies,
 Did do this wicked murder.

Witness your lips all ſtain'd with red,
 They ſpeak who did the deed,
 The Crimſon bloud ſticks there ,
And makes them at each bluſh confeſs
 (For they dare do no leſs)
 And cry we guiltie are.

Your pale and ſelf-accuſing look
 As ſoon as ere he ſtrook
 Proclam'd you acceſſorie :

And your diſtorted angry brow
 Your ſul aſſent did ſhow,
 To make my death a Storie.

In your hearts trembling doth appear
 Your more than guilty fear :
 You'r by your tongue bewraid,

Which ſilently accuſing, tels
 That 'twas by you, none els,
 My heart was firſt betraid,

Clarastella.

33

By signs thus murther's oft reveal'd
 Though it lie long conceal'd :
 This doom I wish you then,
 If still a cruel mind you bear,
 May each man prove, when ere
 You love, unkind agen.

*On the loss of a Gold-open-ring in
 which some of Clarastella's
 hair was enclosed.*

DEAR Gold not in thy own self precious now,
 But for that more intrinsic value thou
 Enclovest, which rich treasure makes thee more
 Refin'd, and hallow'd than thou wast before,
 (Though had that finger dropt, thou once didst grace,
 I had susteind that fatal loss with less
 Regret) Farwel ! Yet thou dear Relique that
 Li'st here entombd and buried in this vaur
 Of Indian clay, which now thy corps must hold,
 Thou didst deserve a richer urn than gold.

May then that happy he shal find thee, kiss,
 And then adore this unknown Shrine of bliss!
 Whose worth, since he can never know, but fear
 Some magick spels within, and so not dare
 To wear thee : thus afflicted, may he bring
 It back to me, and I'll uncharm the Ring.

But thee in vain *on earth*, I hope to see,
 Ile search the Heavens, for there thou next wilt be :
 And whereas *Berenices* hair was cut,
 And at the Lyons seavn-stard tail was put,
 Thy hair shal shine yet higher in his head,
 And's neck shal with this Ring be collared.

Clarastella.

*To Clarastella saying she would commit
her selfe to a Nunnerie.*

Stay *Clarastella*, prithee stay !
Recal those frantick vows again !
Wilt thou thus cast thy self away
As wel as me in fond disdaine ?
Wilt thou be cruel to thy self ? chastise
Thy harmless body, 'cause your pow'rful eies
Have charm'd my senses by a strange surpris?

Is it a sin to be belov'd ?
If but the cause you could remove
Soon the effect wou'd be remov'd :
Where Beautie is, there wil be love.
Nature that wisely nothing made in vain,
Did make you lovely to be lov'd again :
And when such beauty tempts, can love refrain?

When Heav'n was prodigal to you,
And you with beauties glory stor'd,
He made you like himself for view,
To be beheld, and then ador'd :
Why should the Gold then fear to see that Sun,
That form'd it pure? why should you live a Nun,
And hide those raies Heav'n gave to you alone?

Oh do not exile Natures blifs !
Do not Eclipse so great a Sun !
Imprison not a Paradise
In a Religious dungeon !
Let the foul witch laze in her smokie cel ;
Onely black toads in recluse vaults do dwel :
Fair Angels live in light, the foul in Hel,

Claraſtella.

35

I know 'twas you fair thief that ſtole
 My heart away ; nor thus content
 Your cruel eies then pickt a hole
 In that which ne'r before was rent.
 And doſt thou now this heart hence think to carrie ?
 Or being guilty darſt no longer tarry,
 And ſo to ſhrieve thee, fly'ſt to Sanctuarie ?

Nor is this all ; your theft was higher
 Than was *Prometheus*, who did take
 From Heav'n that quick inſpiring fire,
 Of clods, us, living men to make :
 You to Heav'ns treaſurie did find a way
 Where all the Beauties and the Virtues lay,
 And thence by rapine didſt them all convey.

Guiltie of which high ſacrilege,
 Doſt thou now mean to ſatiſfie
 The Gods, and give thy body pledge
 To expi'ate thy ſouls rheeverie ?
 Stay Votreſſe ! enter not this Nunnerie !
 For thus thou wilt but draw more guilt on thee,
 By tempting others to Idolatrie :

For when thy Glory they ſhal ſee,
 Either they'l all forget to pray ;
 Or what's as bad, they'l pray to thee,
 And turn devotion to play :
 Nor wil the Gods unto thy prai'rs incline,
 If thou ſhouldſt ſtil continue deaf to mine.
 Stay then fair Saint ! and make my bed thy ſhrine !

Thy ſelf a holy Temple art
 Where Love ſhal teach us both to pray,
 I'l make an Altar of my heart,
 And Incenſe on thy lips wil lay.
 Thy mouth ſhal be my Oracle ; and then
 For beads we'l tel our kiſſes o'r agen,
 Til they breath'd from our ſouls, ſhal cry *Amen*.

The

36

Claraſtella.

*The Quære.**What is Love ?*

'Tis a child of Phanſies getting,
 Brought up between *Hope* and *Fear*,
 Fed with ſmiles, grown by uniting
 Strong, and ſo kept by Deſire :
 'Tis a perpetual Veſtal fire
 Never dying,
 Whoſe ſmoak like Incenſe doth aſpire,
 Upwards flying.

It is a ſoft Magnetick ſtone,
 Attracting hearts by ſympathie,
 Binding up cloſe two ſouls in one,
 Both diſcourſing ſecretlie :
 'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties
 Yet ne'r unbinds,
 Fixing thus two Lovers eies
 As wel as minds.

'Tis the ſpheres heavenly harmonie
 Where two ſkilful hands do ſtrike ;
 And every ſound expreſſively
 Marries ſweetly with the like :
 'Tis the worlds everlaſting chain
 That all things ti'd,
 And bid them like the fixed wain
 Unmov'd to bide.

'Tis

Claraſtella.

37

'Tis Nature's law inviolate,
 Confirm'd by mutual conſent
 Where two diſlike, like, love, and hate,
 Each to the others full content;
 'Tis the Careſs of every thing ;
 The Turtle-dove;
 Both birds and beaſts do offerings bring
 To mighty Love.

'Tis th' Angels joy, the Gods delight, Mans bliſs,
 'Tis all in all: without love nothing is.

*To Claraſtella on St. Valentines
 day morning.*

HArk how the Lyrick Chorifters o'th' wood
 Warble their cheerful noats ! which underſtood
 Would make us think they woo'd and ſpake
 In pure *Tibullus* phraſe, when he did take
 His *Leſbia* to him ! how they ſing
 And chirp it merrily
 To welcome in that verdant ſpring
 Which makes our blood run high !

Arife then heavy Muſe ! now winter's done
 And the warm pleaſant Summer is begun ;
 Arife ! and charge *Aurora* wake,
 And weare her beſt array for this daies ſake !
 Salute her firſt whom I'd injoy ,
 And then let all the nine
 To their ſweet muſick dance and ſing
 That this daies *Valentine*.

38 Claraſtella.

Great Biſhop ! whoſe more ſacred memorie
Crowns this bleſt day with due ſolemnitie,

Let me invoke thy holy Shrine
To guide me to another *Valentine* !
Lend me thy urns fair light awhile
With the Morns brighter eies,
To find that happy Shee, and ſteal
Upon her by ſurpriſe.

Aſſiſt me *Jove* ! in thy gilt ſhowrs convey
Me to the bed to my bright *Danaë* !
Leſt I be blaſted or betrai'd
By the quick eies of ſome crackt chambermaid,
Got up on purpoſe to be ſeen ;
And though ſhe ſtand i'th' way,
Blind me t'all but my *Valentine* !
Til I approach her day !

Or lend me *Gyges* old enchanted ring
That I may walk inviſible ! and bring
Me thus lockt up in cloſe diſguiſe
To the bleſt place where this fair beauty lies !
Thus undiſcern'd I'll paſs the ſtreet,
Nor ſee, nor yet be ſeen
Of any until we two meet
(My deareſt *Valentine*.)

Some draw their *Valentines* by lotterie
Whom they perhaps ne'r ſaw before, but I
Make a far wiſer choice in mine,
Where *Love* elects diſcreetly by deſign :
Some on their hats in waſer ſcrown
Their names have charact' red,
I on my heart thy name enroul,
More eaſie to be read.

See the true windows of the perfum'd Eaſt !
Breathing ſuch odours that each ſenſe may feaſt

To

Claraſtella.

39

To luxurie ! oh 'twould ſuffice
 To live but one hour in this Paradife!
 Then haſte to kiſſe her balmie hand,
 To kiſs her ſhal I fear ?
 I'll gently draw the curteins, and
 Let the bright day appear.

Behold where *Innoſence* her ſelf doth lie
 Clad in her white array ! Fair Deitie !
 I'll onely print upon her dewy lip
 One loving kiſs and ſo away will part.
 Shee wakes, and bluſhes on each cheek
 So red, that I may ſay
 There on each ſide doth truly break
 The dawning of the day.

Startle not Faireſt ! It is I am come
 Like th'Perſian to adore the riſing Sun :
 I'm come to view that ſight wou'd make
 The good old man ev'n for thy onely ſake
 Wiſh him alive agen, to ſee
 Such a fair Saint of 's name,
 Whoſe virtues propagate in thee
 To his eternal fame.

'Tis I am come, who but a Friend before
 Am hap'ly now by fate adopted more,
 A brother or what els you deem
 To be more neer, or of more high eſteem.
 I'm come to joyn in ſacrifice
 To our dear *Valentine* ;
 Where I muſt offer to thine eies,
 Knowing no other Shrine.

Large Hecatombs of kiſſes I wil lay
 On th'altar of thy lips, that men may ſay
 By their continuance we are true,
 And wil keep ſo this year, nor change for new,

The

40 Claraſtella,

The birds inſtrꝓct us to do ſo,
 The ſeaſon too invites ;
 When ſpring comes they a billing go,
 As we to our delights.

Each am'rous Turtle now his Mate doth chuſe,
 Whom Nature for that year by pow'rful uſe
 Taught to be conſtant ; ſhal not wee
 Who love with reaſon be as firm and free ?
 Here then our league let us begin,
 And from this minute count
 Thouſands of kiſſes that within
 This year ſhal thus amount.

How ſweet ſhee breaths ! the Zephyre wind that blows
 Freſh fragrant odours on the modeſt Roſe
 Sends forth not half ſo pure a ſmell
 As that which on thy chaſter lips doth dwell :
 Here in this holy *Temple* I
 Could fix eternally,
 And pay theſe vows until I die
 Pitied of none but thee.

Me thinks my arms now graſp a treaſure more
 Worth than both Indies valued double o'r.
 'Tis pitty we ſhould ever part,
 I ſhould be poor, if rob'd of thee my heart :
 The t'other kiſs, and though I ſurſet on
 The ſweetneſs of thy breath,
 The blame ſhal lie me on alone :
 Who'd not die ſuch a death ?

To Claraſtella in a ſtorme at Sea.

BE not afraid (fair *Venus* of the Sea)
 Theſe waves but haſte to view thy Maſt;ie;
 Glad to receive thee thus in ſhoals they croud
 With plaudities expreſſing joys aloud:
Neptune reſults and with his watry lip
 Gladly ſalureth that more happy ſhip
 That bears ſo rich a treaſure ; knowing that
 He a more precious gem did ne'r create :
 Thus *Triton* and the Seagreen Gods doweare
 Their freſh and beſt array when you appear ;
 As Virgins welcom Spring ; whereas before
 With ſad ſtil blackneſs they ſtood clouded o'r :
 Thus the proud billows come but to admire,
 To raiſe thy worth and thus advance thee higher ;
 While they obſequiouſly about you throng
 To guard your perſon, not to do you wrong :
 Thus they approach with pure affection
 Offering their backs for you to ride upon ;
 Where if the waters troubled do appear
 'Tis 'cauſe they in your brow ſuſpect a fear.
 You great Commandreſs both by Sea and Land,
 Why ſhould you then fear ought? at whoſe command
 Rough *Boreas* and the Ocean doth obey,
 And to its Queen thus tribute ſtrives to pay.
 I am this Ship toſt in the waves of fear,
 You the Pole-ſtar by which I only ſteer :
 Love the unſkilful Pilot cannot fail
 Homewards if you not blow a gentle gale
 From your ſweet Zephire breath and ſend relief,
 'Twil ſuffer ſhipwrack in a Sea of grief.
 In your ſmooth face let but a calm appear,
 Both ſhal be happy and both free from fear.

Claraſtella.

To her, the Storm ceaſing.

HOW *Nep:une* ſmiles to view this Deitie
Which all the hoarie Gods amaz'd to ſee,
Are at a ſtand and cannot move
When they behold this Queen of Love !

Thy brow not wrinkled now with fear, the ſea
Reſumes its ſmoothneſs by a Sympathie :
And whilſt thou ſmil'ſt the rougher main
Is levell'd to a verdant plain.

A happy *Halcyon* calmneſs ſits upon
The equal face of all the Ocean :
And not a wave his head dares ſhow
While thus in triumph you do go.

With ſuch fair Wind and Weather, oh let me
Sail alwaies ! and I ne'r ſhal ſea-ſick be !

*On Claraſtella walking in
her Garden.*

SEe how *Flora* ſmiles to ſee
This approaching Deitie !
Where each herb looks young and green
In preſence of their comming Queen !
Ceres with all her fragrant ſtore,
Could never boaſt ſo ſweet a flow'r ;
VWhile thus in triumph ſhe doth go
The greater Goddeſs of the two.

Here

Claraſtella.

43

Here the Violet bows to greet
 Her with homage to her feet ;
 There the Lilly pales with white
 Got by her reflexed light ;
 Here a Roſe in Crimſon die
 Bluſhes through her modeſtie ;
 There a Panſie hangs his head
 'Bout to ſhrink into his bed,
 'Cause ſo quickly ſhe paſt by
 Not returning ſuddenly ;
 Here the Currans red and white
 In yon green buſh at her ſight
 Peep through their ſhady leaves, and cry
 Come eat me, as ſhe paſſes by ;
 There a bed of Camomil,
 VVhen ſhe preſſeth it doth ſmel
 More fragrant than the perfum'd Eaſt,
 Or the *Phœnix* ſpicie neſt ;
 Here the Pinks in rows do throng
 To guard her as ſhe walks along ,
 There the flexive Turnſole bends
 Guided by rhe raies ſhee ſends
 From her bright eies, as if thence
 It ſuckt life by influence ;
 VVhilſt She the prime and chiefeſt flow'r
 In all the Garden by her pow'r
 And onely life-inſpiring breath
 Like the warm Sun redeems from death
 Their drooping heads, and bids them live
 To tel us Shee their ſweets did give.

On

Claraſtella.

*On the loſs of Claraſtella's
black fan.*

TEl me (fair wonder !) when the gentle air
 Court'd your wanton hair,
 And hov'ring 'bout your face did beg a kiſs,
 Proud of ſo great a bliſs,
 Why did your envious Fan to it denie
 So chaſt a libertie ?
 Nor yet contented onely thus to do
 Why did you hide it too ?
 Why did you blind thoſe lamps which both adorn,
 And can miſlead the Morn ?
 Believe me 'twas unkindly done to ſcreen
 That light was to be ſeen.
 Though the bright luſtre of your orient eies
 Like the more pow'rful ſkies
 Or dazles me, or ſets my heart on fire
 When I ſo high aſpire,
 Your Baſ'liſk look with its bewitching art
 Though it ſtrike dead my heart,
 And I ſtand Planet-ſtruck when e'r I view
 So fair a ſtar as you :
 Yet do I languish like the drooping night
 In abſence of your light :
 (For by your beams ſuch warmth I do receive
 By which alone I live)
 That if you draw a cloud before this light,
 'Tis with me darkeſt night.
 VVhen *Morpheus* once had on my drowſie bed
 His ſable mantle ſpread
 And drawn the curtains of Heav'ns Canopie,
 Had veild the ſtarry ſkie,
 In this Cimmerian ſlumber as I lay,
 Me thought I wiſht for day,

Expecting

Claraſtella.

45

Expecting when the roſie-fingred Morn
 Should the black earth adorn,
 When with his early raies he ſhould affright
 The miſtie ſhades of night,
 At laſt he came, and I beheld his ſteeds
 Deckt in their Royal weeds,
 And fair *Aurora* purpling all the ſkie,
 Enlightned ev'ry eie,
 How glad was I : and wiſht that never night
 Might mask ſo great a light.
 You were that *Phoſphor* I thus long'd to ſee
 Hid in obſcuritie ;
 And now your luſtre breaks forth like the day
 Clad in her beſt array.
 Oh happy loſs ! by which I gain a ſight
 As precious as the light !

*To Claraſtella on a Noſegay of flowers
 which ſhe wore at her boſome.*

IF Bees extract their ſweetneſs from each flow'r,
 As theſe, theirs, from your breſt ; I thee devour
 Alive then (*Stella* !) when I honey eat ;
 Rare food ! than Attick flow'rmel far more ſweet !
 Yet as rob'd flow'rs preſerve their ſmel, ſtil fair,
 So theſe freſh in thy boſomes garden are,
 Though blown on, whoſe ſweet dewes and Sun above,
 Make them grow there ſeed us, ſtil fragrant prove.
 There's ſcarce a ſenſe, but thoſe thy flow'rs delight,
 They pleaſe the touch, the taſt, the ſmel, the ſight ;
 Yet thou the choiſeſt doſt this all, and moe,
 Thou ſweetly doſt our hearing raviſh too.

Since like thoſe ſubtle Chymiſts then, you take
 Sweetneſs from them too, one more exact to make,

Thy

46

Claraftella.

Thy felf, which *Nectar* art, oh hiv'd might I
Feed on thy Honey, and there melting lie !

Song.

I Nveft my head with fragrant *Rofe*
That on fair *Flora's* bofome grows !
Diffend my veins with purple juyce
That mirth may through my foul diffufe !
'Tis Wine and Love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus crown'd with *Paphian myrtle*, I
In *Cyprian* fhadcs wil bathing lie,
whoſe ſnow is too much cooling, then
Bacchus ſhal warm my blood agen.
'Tis Wine and Love, &c.

Life's ſhort, and winged pleasures flie ;
who mourning live, do living die :
On down and flouds then *Swan-like* I
Wil ſtretch my limbs, and ſinging die.
'Tis Wine and Love, and love in wine
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

On Claraftella diſcovered ſleeping
in her bed.

*S*leep gentle ſoul ! and may a quiet reſt
Crown the ſweet thoughts that harbour in thy breaſt !
Keep her ye pow'rs divine ! let no foul ſight
Afflict her mind ! no horrors of the night,

No

Claraſtella.

No fearful ſhapes or Apparitions
 Diſturb her ſlumbers through ſad viſions !
 I charge thee *Morpheus* thou pale God of ſleep,
 See thou from her diſtempers, ſtartings keep !
 Let all her dreams be Golden ! let them taſte
 Of heav'nly pleaſures ! let them all be chaſt
 Delights, Embraces, Wiſhes, and ſuch new
 And proſp'rous hopes, as may at length prove true !
 Show her rich Crowns and Garlands ! then let love
 Chaſt as her ſleep, ſuch as the Gods above
 Enjoy, ſteal in her mind, and repreſent
 The perfect Image of her bleſt content !
 There let her fix and entertain awhile
 A parley with her thoughts ! then let her ſmile
 As pleas'd at th' conference, or ſome other way
 By a ſoft ſigh let her her love betray !
 Thus pleaſe each ſenſe with various delight
 And with freſh ſights prevent her appetite !
 Thus let her ſleep ſecure, that ſhe may find
 At once both eaſe in body and in mind !

I charge you wake her not ! no noiſe draw near
 Her bed to whiſper in her quiet ear !
 See how my charms have workt ! behold ſhe lies
 Like Innocence her ſelf in white ! her eies
 Shut 'gainſt all worldly vanitie, do ſhow
 How little ſhe regards this earth below :
 Her ſoul within, though active, yet is ſtil,
 Which ſpeaks the calmneſs of her inward will.
 The Zephyre wind doth not more gently blow
 Nor with ſo ſoft or ſtil a motion flow
 As her ſweet breath from her ; here we may find
 The even pace of a wel-temper'd mind.

Bleſs me ! what thoughts poſſeſs my raviſht ſoul,
 And ſtir my blood, I can them not controul !
 I'm all enſlam'd ; and yet I dare not do
 What the fair harmleſs object prompts me too.
 She ſtirrs ; Oh ! I muſt vaniſh quickly hence,
 Leſt I ſhould wake her, with ſome violence.

Claraſtella.

To her at departure.

They erre
 That think we parted are
 Two ſouls in one we carry,
 Half of which though it travel far
 Yet both at home do tarry.
 The Sun
 When fartheſt off at Noon
 Our bodies ſhade draws nigher:
 My ſoul your's ſhadow, when I'm gone,
 Waits cloſer through deſire.
 Dear heart
 Then grieve not 'cauſe we part,
 Since diſtance cannot ſever:
 For though my body walks apart
 Yet I am with you ever.

Elegiack Song.

Lend me ye ſtreams your tears ! oh more !
 Lend me at Neptun's watry ſtore
 When he drownd all mankind ! that I
 May in this deluge drown and die !
 She's dead to me : unhappy fate,
 That love, which burnt ſo clear of late,
 Is now extinct : oh help ! and I
 Will weep hers and mine obſequie.

Clarastella.

49

To Cupid. Song.

THou that hast shot so many hearts
 With thy enchanted darts !
 (Young Archer !) if thou hast one more
 In all thy store,
 Send it, oh send it to my Love,
 Wing'd with the feathers of thy Mothers Dove!

Or head it with the same desire,
 Thou didst my shaft enspire !
 Or take thine arrow back from me !
 'Tis crueltie
 Sometimes not to be cruel : Ob !
 Or smite both hearts, or els unbend thy bow !

To a Lady wearing a Looking-glass
 at her girdle.

GAze not on that fair Mirrour, where you see
 Nought but the shadow of your frailtie lie ;
 VWhere beautie staies no longer then you look
 On the gilt outside of that rotten look
 Your self; where all's but dust without, and such
 Foul leaves within ; why then admir'd so much ?
 Since nothing can be lov'd but what hath been
 Known to the sence, or to the eie bin seen,
 VWhy shou'd you doat upon that face which you
 Never yet saw, nor have the pow'r to do ?
 VWhose very shape when you have often pri'd
 And re-examin'd every part, and spi'd
 VVith strictest eie each line, and symmetrie,
 Is clean forgot, when you remove your eie :

C

VWhich

50

Claraſtella.

Which uſual inſtance may inſtru&t you not
To ſtudie that, which is ſo ſoon forgot.

Since you nor ſee your ſelf, nor look upon
That form but thus by meer reflection:
How know you ? or why think you are fair ?
Is it, 'cauſe fond admirers ſay you are,
For want of judgement ? or ſome flattering Aſſe,
Or this a great deal more diſſembling glaſſe
Tels a fair ſtorie to your cred'lous eie,
VVil you believe ſuch Romance hiſtorie ?
VVhen the ſpruce gallant courts your hand, and vows
Saluting it, he nothing whiter knows,
Then gazing upward on that heav'nly ſphere,
Swears you are Angel-like beyond compare,
Excelling all your ſex, can you conceive
That to be true, which he did leaſt believe ?
VVhen th' am'rous youth looks Babies in your eies
And through Loves flatt'ring optick he eſpies
At the wrong end a world of beautie there,
Blinded with paſſion thus 'twixt hope and fear,
VVhen he proteſts he thinks he ſees in you
Some God-like form, can you believe it too ?
VVhen knowing men diſſemble truth ; alas !
VVil you then truſt a dumb deceitful glaſs ?
Embrace your ſelfe ? and like *Narciſſus* pore
Upon that Chriſtal til you ſtart a flow'r ?

VVhich fades as ſoon as blown ,) admiring more
That part your ſelfe, then others all the ſtore ?
Then quit that coꝝ'ning beam ! nor imitate
The Mermaid to be onely upwards neat
VVith comb and glaſs in hand, when we all know
You'ar either fiſh or what is worſe, below.

The blanched Swan with whiteſt plumes arrai'd
Til by her own black ſkin and legs betraid
Did think her ſelf the faireſt bird, do you
But look about you, you'l appear ſo too.
VVhat boots a comly preſence, graceful eie,
If all be foul except the Phisnomie ?

VVife

Claraſtella.

51

Wiſe men admire not beauty, birth or blood,
How rich or fair, they aſk not, but how good ?
Firſt dreſſe your ſoul ! ſee that be fair and clear,
And then you'l truly beautiful appear.

To Claraſtella.

'T Is not your beautie I admire,
Nor the bright ſtar-light of each eie,
Nor do I from their beams take fire
My loves torch to enlighten, I :
No : 'tis a Glorie more divine
Kindles my rapour at your ſhrine.

Your comly preſence takes not me,
Nor your much more inviting meen ;
Nor your ſweet looks ; the Graces be
(Fair Creature !) in your picture ſeen.
No : 'tis your ſoul to which I bow,
'Tis none of theſe I love, but you.

How blind is that Philoſophie
Doth onely nat'ral bodies know ?
That views each Orb o'th' glorious ſkie,
But ſees not him that made it ſo.
I love thy informing part, i'th' whol
And every part, thy all ; thy ſoul.

Claraſtella.

The Farewel to Claraſtella.

PAſſion o' me ! why melt I thus with griefe
 For her whoſe frozen heart denies reliefe ?
 Find out ſome other way to puniſh me
 Yee Gods ! and let me not the Author be
 Of mine own death ! make me forget that e'r
 I lov'd ! at leaſt that e'r I loved her !

Yet I muſt love her ſtil : O cruel Fate !
 That doſt true love ſo ill requite with hate !
 Why e'r I ſaw her didſt not make me blind ?
 Then had ſhe as before continued kind
 Without pow'r to diſpleaſe, her Charitie
 Warm as my Love, and I had ſtil been I :
 But now alas ! my diſtant bliſs I ſee,
 Which like my courted ſhadow ſlieth mee
 As faſt as I purſue : ay mee ! ſhe's gone,
 And with her all my winged hopes are flown.

But oh ! if you one drop of mercy have,
 Let me requeſt you ſhed it at my grave
 When y'hear I died for you ! Oh let there be
 One tear at leaſt ſhed from your pious eies
 In mem'ry that I fel your ſacrifice !
 Where though I cannot, yet my marble wil
 Gainſt theſe ſoft ſnow'rs for me ſome tears diſtil.

Faireſt farewel ! and by my living love,
 Maiſt thou to me when dead thus loving prove !
 Shed from your eies perhaps one faithful tear
 May make my aſhes quick again, how e'r
 My ſhipwrackt love in theſe drops bath'd, at laſt
 May drowning graſp what's next, and hold thee faſt,
 Which whiſt I liv'd it could not ; thus I wil
 Alive and dead (my *Stella* !) love thee ſtil.

Claraſtella.

53

On the Report of Claraſtella's death.

SHee dead ? forgive me Heav'n ! I'ad almost ſwore
 That ſhe 'bout her had nothing mortal wore :
 Her ſoul's immortal and her body too
 Since't knew no actual ſin, muſt needs be ſo.
 Our ſins do drag us to our graves, but ſhe
 Had no ſuch harbingers ; her Pietie
 Made her a Monarch in Divinitie,
 And taught her how to live eternally.
 It is not likely, guilty death ſhou'd take
 Such Innocence away from us, or make
 Immortal Virtue die : old *Adam* ſure
 Had liv'd til now, could he have liv'd as pure
 And free from either act or thought of vice,
 Hee had ſurviv'd this age in Paradice.
 Our ſins are our diſeaſes ; onely they
 Invoke pale death, whom we all muſt obey
 When he arreſts us for theſe debts, we know
 Life's the cheap ranſome for the ſums we owe,
 VVhich ſhe ne'r forfeited 'cauſe no diſeaſe
 Upon her body or her ſoul could ſeize,
 She was ſo ſound and perfect : why ſhould I
 Believe that *Claraſtella* then could die ?
 If wantonneſſe durſt ſteal into her mind
 'Midſt her ſweet dreams, leaving a touch behind
 Of phanſied pleaſure, yet ſhe wakt a maid,
 And bluſhing, that ſhe ſhould be thus betrai'd,
 By her own guiltleſſe thoughts, ſhe feard to tel
 Ev'n what her viſions were, nor knew ſhe wel
 What was their pleaſant meaning ; or if ſhee
 Did but by chance two Lovers kiſſing ſee ;
 Shee thought they did but imitate the Dove
 Thus to affect with chaſt Platonick love.
 Her ſalutations deckt with modeſtie,
 Did like her ſmiles expreſſe humilitie.

54

Claraſtella.

Thus was ſhe perfect Virgin, whiſt her love
 Knew n'oother object but the Gods above.
 How then durſt death, row'rdſ her his dart advance,
 Whoſe onely ſin was harmleſs ignorance ?
 Why ſhould I fondly drooping let mine eies
 Yeild at the news, a liquid ſacrifice ?
 Or let her dying rumour wound my years
 Whoſe virtue did deſerve a *Neflors* years ?
 I'l not believe then ſhe is dead, ſince I
 Know ſhe hath merited Eternitie :
 For were't, as envious Fame reports her gone,
 'Twere but a happy tranſmigration,
 To Heav'n ; where ſtil ſhe lives a Saint, and we
 Do ſtil adore her living Deitie.

To a Painter limning a Curtezan.

LEave off fond Artiſt, can't your wanton eie
 Glance on a pleaſant face, but preſently
 You muſt go court her with your pencil, and
 Thus ſpoil th'invention of a witty hand ?
 What need you paint her when the wicked Elſe,
 Fearing no colours, daily *paints her ſelf* ?
 What mean thoſe naked dreſſes ſilks and lawn ?
 When ſhee's much fitter to *be hang'd then drawn* ?
 Wouldſt thou expreſſe thy art and judgement ? ſay
 Wouldſt thou be fam'd ? I'l tel you ; thus you may.
 Paint me to life, a chaſt and virtuous Dame,
 Whoſe ſpotleſs honour ſpeaks her ſtil the ſame,
 In whoſe ſmooth forehead let there be expreſt
 What Virgin thoughts ſhe harbours in her breſt !
 Set forth her ſeverall Graces ! and her eie
 Make to betray a cheerful modeſtie ?
 Her ſober looks, and her aſpect is free,
 Let them both innocent and ſimple be !

Then

Claraftella.

55

Then in her cheeks exprefs that blufhing grace
 Which Vefal vows have printed in her face !
 Then let thy Phanfie through her purer skin
 Transparent make her chafter foul within !
 When you have drawn this piece, then Painter fee
 You not expofe it to each common eie
 That cannot judge ! to Lovers onely thofe,
 And not to luftful eies this piece expofe ?

*On the young and fair M^{rs} M.H. her
 hair being unfortunately burnt by chance
 in the candle as ſhe was Combing
 her head at night.*

UNluckie Traitour ! could thy greedy flame
 Feed on ſuch fuel, and not devoure the ſame ?
 How durſt thy dul pale flames ſo high aſpire,
 And mix its lazie heat with Vefal fire ?
 Oh how I grieve this direful chance ? to ſee
 Theſe freſh leaves falling from the blooming tree,
 And that the ſpring which was but now begun,
 Should thus o'th' ſudden into Autumne run !
 Ah cruel *Atrepos* ! why ſo ſoon would you
 Thus rudely cut thoſe threads of life in two ;
 Thoſe neat diſhevel'd locks whoſe every grace
 Scorning arts help, ſet forth a nearer face ?
 With what pale horror do I wondring ſee
 This ſight, and fear what the event will be !
 Methinks it now portends ſome overthrow,
 Threatens ſome great mans ruine, and doth ſhow
 Like lightning 'fore the thunder, bidding all
 Be arm'd again ſt the ſtroak : or now I call
 To mind fair *Helen Troy* did ſo admire,
 Me thinks it represents that town on fire.

56

ClaraStella.

Had this but *Lillie* seen he would have said
 It was some blazing Comet ; and that head
 Which was thus crisped o'r with purest raies
 Was all a heav'nly Meteor, that did blaze
 Her Virtues forth to the worlds open eie
 As Emblem of her rare divinitie.
 Or had mistook thee in this borrow'd light
 For brightest *Phæbe* Mistresse, of the night,
 By those bright Star-like tapours of thine eies.
 Oh may another lovely Phoenix rise
 From these sweet ashes, whose sad fun'ral pile
 With fragrant odours thus perfumes our Isle !
 But thou curst light that wroughtst this Tragedie,
 In thy own flames maist thou a martyr die.

Writ on ClaraStella's Busk.

Might I o' nights in thy room lie
 Twixt *Stella's* warmer mounts of snow,
 So neer her heart dissolving, I
 No higher *Paradise* would know :
 Such envi'd blis would make me stray,
 VVhither the Gods themselves would bow,
 And leave heav'ns upper milkie way,
 To breath in happier shades below.

Deploring ClaraStella's Inconstancie.

FAir and yet cruel ? strange me thinks that art
 Should act amiss, where Nature plai's her part !
 Can you a gentle Saint, a Tyrant prove ?
 Can your diviner soul forget to love ?

Can

Clarastella.

57

Can Winter set in such a love-warm brest
 Which was with so much heat but now possest ?
 Are the flames dying, and loves active fires
 Congeal'd to frosts, and freez'd to cold desires ?
 And those fair Violet veins the verdant Spring
 Did so enliven now no heat can bring ?
 Can you that carried Summer in your lips
 Red as the Cherrie suffer an Eclipse ?
 That in the Apples of your cheeks did wear
 A fertile Autumn now no fruit can bear ?
 All heat extinguish'd ? not one spark of fire
 Now left, but to inkindle new desire ?
 Strange mixture this, when I at once may view
 All the four seasons of the year in you !
 Some health for pitty to my hopes restore ?
 Or love me not at all, or love me more !
 Under this Equinox my shadows are
 Quite round me ; whilst I live in black despair ;
 Frigid nor torrid zones can I endure :
 They bred cold Agues, these a Calenture.

Loves Hesitation.

To Clarastella.

WHY should I love that thing
 Can no affection bring ?
 Since reason doth from liking draw
 Reciproque friendship, shall I thaw
 When her love freezeth ? tel me why
 When she disdaineth, should not I ?
 Yet Loves Religion
 Bids me love, though she frown ;
 By whose more sacred lawes Heav'n knowes
 We are enjoyn'd to love our foes :

C 5

Though

58

Clarastella.

Though she reject me then, yet I
Must love my *Stella*, til I die.

Love ! I your pow'rs obey

True love can ne'r decay :

And since that Virtue lives in you
Which made me like, and love you too
At first ; I am oblig'd, and I
Must love thee to Eternitie.

*To Clarastella admiring her black
Eies and Hair.*

L Et others Court the Cyprian Queen,
Gilt tresses, or the Amber skin !
Give me black eies and hair,
Presum'd the face be fair,
And a Seraphick soul within !

The Swan though black below, above
Is the white object of our love,
So is *Juno's* prouder bird,
For her black eies admir'd
And 'cause they are so, I yours approve,

Apelles limning a faire maid,
Let fall by chance his pen, and said
That though he meant it not,
Yet could not mend the blot,
It did expresse so rare a shade,

If shadowes best set forth a face,
Adorning it with beauties grace,
Then are you onely fair,
Whose form beyond compare,
Is the birth of humane race.

Clarastella.

59

In your bright eies decipher'd are
 The Ev'ning and same morning star,
 Sole Glorie of the Night,
 Deckt with such raies of light,
 No day can boast so rich by far.

The Lovers Torch doth burn most bright
 Like Comets in the darkest night ;
 And the black Boy stil roves,
 In sap and shadie groves,
 And like you crowns Loves sweet delight.

*To Clarastella complaining of
 my long kisses.*

MAdam! I vow I never knew
 One creature of your sex till you,
 Find fault with what was long in men.
 Oh do not geld my Phansie then!
 Nor blame my pleasures extasie,
 That when each sense is feasted, I
 Thus tast each pure Ambrosiack kisse,
 And by degrees melt down my blisse.
 Oh those smooth, soft, and Rubie lips,
 That fright the Sun to an Eclipse,
 Whose Rosie and Virmilion hue
 Betray the blushing thoughts in you:
 Whose fragrant Amoratick breath
 Wou'd revive dying Saints from death,
 Whose Syren-like harmonious air
 Speaks musick and enchants the ear;
 VVho would not hang? and fixed there
 VVish he might know no other sphere?
 Oh for a charm to make the Sun
 Drunk, and forget his motion!

Oh

60

Claraſtella.

Oh that ſome paſſie or lame gout
 Would cramp old times diſeaſed foot !
 Or that I might, or moult or clip
 His ſpeedy wings, whiſt on her lip
 I quench my thirſty appetite
 With the life honey dwels on it !
 Oh for a Crane-like neck that may
 This Nectar ſlowly thence convey !
 Then on this holy Altar, I
 Would ſacrifice eternally,
 Offering one long continued mine
 Of Golden pleaſures to thy ſhrine.
 I mean not *Pompeys* biting kiſs
Flora did ſo commend : nor his
 Venerious ſip *Catullus* us'd
 Where lip-ſalve was from each infus'd
 No : a more holy chaſt impreſſe,
 May th' image of each mind expreſſe
 As perfect as the wax the ſeal :
 Such kiſſes do not wound, but heal.
 Kiſſing, thou ſacred kiſſing art
 Onely the intelleſtive part
 Of pleaſure ; by which union
 Our ſouls diſcourſe and meet in one
 Fixt Center, whiſt in a ful kiſs
 Each am'rous line concentred is :
 Nor doth it violate Chaſtitie,
 Or forfeit like Adulterie.
 The dowry now, as heretofore,
 (when but to ſpeak, or ſee, was more
 Immodeſt deem'd, at leaſt as much,
 A Woman ; as 'tis now to touch.)
 Thus with chaſt lips we blow Loves fire
 To a live coal ; thus fan it higher :
 Thus do we ſeal affections band,
 VVhich onely death can cancel : and
 VVhilst both our hearts and lips do meet
 Thus do our ſouls each other greet :

Thus

Clarastella.

61

Thus we engender speaking Love
 Peculiar only to the Dove :
 Whereas all other bodies heat
 Of Lust doth them incorporate
 But only in the act ; yet we
 Thus renew love t' eternitie
 With fresh unsated appetite,
 And without shame or sad regret ;
 Which true experience doth prove
 The difference betwixt Lust an Love.
 Then let us kifs like Turtles, close
 Until we both seem one : til those
 That see our hearts saluting thus
 Shal not disturb, but envy us.
 Coynefs in women makes men more
 Suspect they'l *do* behind the door :
 If thus you think I kifs too much ;
 Know that my love to you is such,
 That whensoe'r it pleaseth you
 I'l closer kifs, drink deeper too.

*To Clarastella. Why Lovers
 walk round.*

'TIs oft observ'd that those who are in love
 Do, when they walk, in spherick circle move ;
 A motion to its nature genuine :
 So move the Heav'ns and Love that is divine
 And heav'n-deduced draws like that his gçst
 A round, because that figure is the best.
 Love is a Labyrinth wherein wandring men
 Tread the same pensive measur's o'r agen :
 The Soul her feet th' affection guides, and moves
 To the same object that she truly Loves.

Thus

62

ClaraStella,

Thus when I walk so often round, I move
To thee the Center Nature bids me love.

*A Pastoral Protest of Love by
Damon to Stella.*

WHEN I thee all o'r do view
I all o'r must love thee too.
By that smooth forehead wher's exprest
The candour of thy peaceful breast :
By those fair twin-like-stars that shine,
And by those apples of thine eyn :
By the Lambkins and the Kids
Playing 'bout thy fair eie-lids :
By each peachie blossom'd cheek,
And thy Sattin skin more sleek
And white then *Flora's* whitest Lillies
Or the maiden Daffadillies :
By that Ivorie porch thy nose :
By those double blanch'd rows
Of teeth, as in pure Coral set :
By each azure rivolet,
Running in thy temples, and
Those flowrie meadows 'twixt them stand:
By each Pearl-tipr ear by Nature, as
On each a Jewel pendant was :
By those lips all dew'd with blifs.
Made happy in each others kifs :
By those pure Vermilion cherries
Thy red nipples, and those strawberries
Swimming there as set in cream :
By those two curld locks, that seem
To wreath thy Lover in way'd art
That from thee he ne'r should part :

By

Clarastella.

63

By those silk tresses soft as down
 Of tender Eunuches newly blown,
 That vail your body round when e'r
 In your own shades you'd less appear :
 By that silver stately neck
 Doth thy gems more grace and deck
 Then *they* can it : by those two
 Soft and wool-warme mounts of snow :
 By each Alabaster hand,
 And those slender joynts that stand
 So streight and closely set, each palm
 Seems a young tree, distilling balm :
 Midst that pregnant Hemisphear
 By the fair knot that's planted there :
 By those moving columns bear
 This Globe and the lov'd frame uprear :
 By those pretty nimble feet
 Wont in skilful measures meet :
 By the neat fabrick of the whole,
 Fair as the world from either Pole,
 Whose each part is Paradise,
 And Heav'n both in, and round, it is.
 By thy self, when thee I view
 I love thy *all*, and each part too.

Occasional POEMS:

By Robert Heath, Esquire.

*Majores majora sœcant, mihi parva locute
Sufficit, in vestras sæpe redire manus.*

Mart. li. 9. Ep. 1.

LONDON,

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Church-yard, 1650.



Occasional Poems.

*To an old Gentlewoman that would
have her Picture drawn.*



What strange impossibles are those
That one fam'd *Myron* you impose?
Drawn to the life you'd be you say,
When you are dying every day;
In colours too, when there's but one

All o'r your face, and that is dun.
Heel draw 'tis like thy shadows true,
For thou art all but shadow'd blue.
If fair then thou wu'dst counted be
His pigments let him lay on thee,
And with a trowel dawb and sleek
The wroughcast of each wrinkled cheek,
Else but in vain he shal on you
Spend both his oyl and labour too.
Drawn with black lead or with a coal
Over some Alehouse chimney wal,
Thy picture best wil semble thee
By some rough Dialler; when he,
Shal underwrite in meeter, this
The widow of *Sarepta* is,
Or 'twil shew best through lattice-work,
Here an old woman, there the Turk.

Yet

2 Occasional Poems.

Yet if thou needs must have it done
 Let me say this in caution
 Unto thy Painter, that he plie
 And speed his work, or thou wilt die
 Before the third dayes sitting : when
 (If thou canst live so long) that then,
 (Because thoult ne'r be at th' expence
 To take thy il lookt figure thence)
 He would but send the piece to me ;
 I'd rather have it far then thee,
 To hang up 'mongst my *Sybels*, or
 Foul Hags, lest some mistake thee for
 One of the Fatal Destinies
 Or Helbred Furies worse then these.
 But I'm afraid 'tis his design
 To sel thee for some Tavern sign,
 (If he not hang thee out a loof
 Oth' back oth' Change as weather proof)
 And I shal see thee thy ruin'd face
 Hang out in *Southmark*, old Queen *Bess*.

Epithalamium Amatorium

To Aurora.

Why peeps the envious Morne so soon upon
 The pleasures of our bed ?
 Pul back thy fierie coursers Phaeton !
 And drive not til I bid !
 And lest thy headstrong steeds their reins shu'd break,
 That Virgin girdle take
 I now unti'd ! too soon for you it is
 And me, our rosie nests to leave, and rise.

Occasional Poems.

3

Have I so many tedious Suns beheld
 And nights in fighting spent,
 E'r to temptation I could make her yield ?
 And would you now prevent
 The long-wisht harvest of my joys delight ?
 Nor grant as long a night ?
 Go back to thy lov'd *Thetis* bosome ! go !
 Whilst in our beds wee'l sport it longer too.

I'd have the world til we our curtains ope,
 Expect the Morning star,
 And from my glorious Darlings blushes, hope
 The Day may once appear :
 'Tshud be then alwaies night the saies, that we
 Might ne'r discover'd be.
 So might it be ! for whilst she's in mine arme,
 In her Suns shade I'd keep me ever warme.

*On the strange unfortunate breaking of a
 Glass in a Tavern.*

H Appy mischance ! if happy I may cal
 What by so strange misfortune did befall !
 The Ganymede that had perform'd its trust,
 Discharg'd so many healths and them so just,
 Brok of it self, and falling to the ground,
 Foretold our fortunes if we kept the round.
 Had it surviv'd the Nectar thence did flow
 Our brains had crackt or els we faln as low.
 But tel me little glass my *quodam* friend !
 How didst thou come to this untimely end ?
 Did any fatal or unluckie hand
 Throw thee to ruine 'gainst thy *Joves* command ?

No :

4 Occasional Poems.

No : 'twas a stranger fal ; I rather think,
The wine did make thee fal which thou didst drink,
Though the diviner sack Immortal bee,
The glasse that holds it yet may die I see.

Drinking on a rainy day.

OH : 'tis a rainy drinking day !
Come let it pow're
Weel drink these clouds all drie away
Suck every show'r
The envious Earth shal not drink all, for we
Our plants wil water too aswel as she.
The clouds that fatness drop from heav'n
Descend to us
Ev'n to invite us reach them to enliven
Our spirits thus :
Then sink or swim, weel moisten thirsty care,
And though the weather's foul, weel drink it fair.

*To one that hearing I had some faculty
in Poesie, simply requested me to
write somewhat on his dear
wife lately dead.*

HAd I so wel but known thy Ligbie, as
Sire Adam once his Eve did know
Then I might say thy wife a good one was :
But I ne'r saw, nor knew her so.

Wud'ft

Occasional Poems.

5

Wu'dst ha' me then extol her beauties fire ?
 Most say she lookt, and *painted* wel !
 Should I her unknown secret parts admire,
 Or hidden qualities forthtel ?
 Troth I ne'r heard one good she had, for what,
 Thou falsely thoughtst one, loving thee ;
 Now's out of fashion, and esteem'd a fault.
 Then in her praise, I'l silent be ;
 Since Silence best suits me as each of them :
 For Womens pride affecteth such
 Grosse flatt'ry, that who undertakes the theam ;
 Speaks both too little, and too much.

*On Copernicus his opinion of the
 earths turning round.*

Copernicus was of opinion
 That the Earths globe by spherick motion
 Turn'd round, and that the Heav'ns were fixt : the man
 Was drunk sure or on shipboard, when his brain
 Hatcht this *Mæander* ; for to such the land
 Doth only seem to move when they do stand.

When *Noahs* floud had turn'd the land to Sea
 And the earth seem'd one floating Isle to be,
 The world then rid on waves indeed, and then
 Ith' Ark there was no *terra firma* seen :
 Yet true we find what was but Phansie then,
 (For th' world if we but understand the men
 That live therein) for they alas turn round
 And scotomized sail on firmest ground :
 Or drunk with madnes, with their poreblind cies
 Think States wel settled totter though they rise.
 A strange *Vertigo* or *Delirium*,
 Oth' brain it is, that thus posselles'um ;

Whilst

6 Occasional Poems.

Whilst like to fashions grown Orbicular,
 Kingdoms thus turn'd, and overturned are :
 Nothing but fine Eutopian worlds ith' moon
 Must be *new form'd* by revolution.
 Nor doth the *State alone* on fortunes wheels
 Run round, alas our *rock Religion*, reels :
 We have saild so far the Antipodian way
 That into darkness we have turnd our day.
 Amidst these turnings 'tis some comfort yet,
 Heav'n doth not flie from us, though we from it.

*To one that was so impatient with the
 tooth-ach that he would not rest til all
 his teeth were drawn forth.*

HOW ! branch and root ? that's too severe,
 Let penal laws suffice ! howe'r
 Do not extirpate the whole breed,
 Which one day you may so much need !
 That is the last and worst extream
 To 'stroy all, cause some are too blame.
 If your right hand offend, I know
 You may cut't off, your right eie too
 If that offend, pluck out : but 'sooth,
 I find not so you may one tooth:
 Unless perhaps in drink and heat
 With pots or candlesticks y'have beat
 Teeth out of this or that mans head,
 Then eie and tooth, for tooth indeed
 Should be repaid. But tel me when
 Your teeth are gone, what wil you then
 For grinders do ? you'l learn to chew
 The cud, drink, and eat spoon-meat too ?

Suck

Occasional Poems.

7

Suck agen wil you not ? I'm sure
 That self-preservation Nature
 Commands ; what should we more preserve
 Then teeth, whose want would make us sterve?
 Do we not live by them ? who w'ud
 Deprive himself of's livelihood ?

But since you have an aking tooth
 To leave no jacks within your mouth,
 And are so far run mad with pain
 You are resolv'd to have all drane ;
 Let not the Barbar-surgion set
 Them string'd on scarlet forth, but let
 Them in a box be kept, and shown
 For those that fel from that jawbone
 That *Samson* fought with ; and I'll swear,
 That they the very Asses were.

*On Whip the Preaching
 Coachman.*

Drive right thou furious *Jehu* ! that hast stept
 From the square coach-box and profoundly leapt
 To a round Preaching tub ! O how he feels,
 With learning that he rubd from horses heels,
 Himself inspir'd oth' sudden ! now for th' cause
 And overthrow of all good humane laws !
 So *Phaeton* drove his car, which overturn'd
 Through headless furie, thus, the world it burnd.
 What a strange Metamorphosis is this ?
 A frock turn'd to a linnen Ephod is ;
 No Tailour *Iohn* of *Leiden* exstant now
 To consecrate this groom a Prophet too,
 As *Beold* did *Tuscoverer* ? that then
 He in reward may crown him King agen?

D

Like

8 Occasional Poems.

Like as *Caligula* when he did sein
Himself a God, his great horse did ordein
His Priest ; a God and Prophet much alike,
Both might have learnt of *Baalams* Ass to speak.
Yet see how *Muncers* Spirit reigns in him !
And like phanatick *Phifers* makes him dream
More revelations in one night, then th' old
Patriarchs and Prophets visions did behold !
Which phansied novels he doth oft obtrude
To the weak faith oth' giddy multitude.
Rotman or *Cniperdolin* never knew
Such marks oth' godly as this Saint can shew :
Whilst thus like *John Matthias*, he contemns
All books except the Bible, and condemns
Each human Authour to the flames, that all
Ith' mist of ignorance may prove mistical.
Polygamie of Churches he doth cal,
A fornication spiritual :
When he expoundeth oh 'tis strange to see
After large sighs, in what an extasie
He speechless prays ! just as the *Darvises*
Amongst the Turks, so in a trance he is ;
These Prophets as they stile them, having run
Round til they loose their breath, fall senceless down ;
And after some short sleep awaking tel
Their studied dreams as from an Oracle.
So this Enthusiast after many sighs
And turnings of the eggs of his twinckling eies,
Streight *Epileptick* in this rapture grows,
Where after many yawns and feined shows
Of a transported mind, at last the Elf,
Delivers nonsense like the mouth of *Delph*.

Leave, leave thou russet *Rabbi* ! leave for shame !
And do not thus abuse that holy name
And function of a Preacher ! drive agen !
Currie thy horses and not Christian men !
Else prophane huckster with thy whip thou maist
E'r long be scourg'd, and forth the *Temple* cast.

Occasional Poems.

9

*On the unusual cold and rainie weather
in the Summer. 1648.*

WHy puts our Grandame Nature on
 Her winter coat, e'r summers done?
 What hath she got an ague fit?
 And thinks to make us hov'ring fit
 Over her lazie Embers? else why should
 Old *Hyems* freeze our vernal bloud?
 Or as we each day, grow older,
 Doth the world wax wan and colder?
 'Tis so: See how nakt Charitie
 Sterves in this frozen age! whilst we
 Have no other heat but glow-worm zeal
 Whose warmth we see but cannot feel.
 All chang'd are *Ceres* golden hairs
 To clouded grey, and nought appears
 In *Flora's* dresse: our hopes do die
 And oth' sudden blasted lie.
 Heav'ns glorious lamps do wast away,
 The Elements themselves decay,
 And the mixt bodies mutinie
 By a rebellious sympathie;
 Whilst the distemper'd world grows pale,
 And sickning threatens death to all:
 So in an instant waters swept
 The old worlds monsters, whilst they wept
 It's funeral: but the new world's sins
 Are so deep di'd no floud can rinse.
 Nothing but lightning and Heav'ns fire
 Can purge our pestilential aire.

Occasional Poems.

Farewel to passionate Love.

FAREWEL fond Love ! I'l never bow
 Slave like unto my fetters I,
 Fair Sex ! I'l not adore you now
 Yet love you as my libertie :
 Love grown adust with Melancholy,
 To madnes turns or extream folly.
 About and with your fires I'l play
 But with as loose and gentle touch
 As boys from hand to hand tosse away
 Live coals, lest they should burn too much.
 Too ne'r his heart who lets love come
 Suffers a wilful Martyrdome.
 Stout Souldiers in an Enemies land
 March not too far sans fear or wit,
 E'r they resolve or to withstand,
 Or wisely make a safe retreat.
 Bodies when joyn'd engaged are,
 Piqueering's better sport by far.

*The Excuse.**To the Ladie E. B.*

YOur lovely fair did first invite
 Me to that strange demand,
 Your wanton eie big with delight,
 Made me to understand
 You pleasant as your looks, where every glance
 Did raise and court my warm bloud to advance.

Then

Occasional Poems.

11

*Then blame not me for loving you,
 who if allow'd would not do so ?*
 Henceforth I'll sit demure by you,
 Nor speak when you w^ud hear,
 Just as I w^ud your picture view,
 Behold you and admire.
 For if I speak, you prompt my tongue with love,
 And 'cause I tel' t you, you unkind reprove.
*Then blame not me for saying so,
 Since 'twas your beauty bid me woe.*

*Equalitie**To two fair Mistresses.*

SHal I freize between two fires ?
 Or doth a numness ceaze on me ?
Each star inflames me with desires,
 Yet which to chuse I cannot see
 Since reason admires equally.
 *Then give me both
 For faith and troth
 I should be loath
 Each should not pleased be.*

Or you who so perfect are,
 That nature hath her self outdone
In making you bright lights so fair!
 Rule by your turns! that so each one
 May cool the heat oth' to' other Sun !
 *And Love me both !
 For faith and troth
 I should be loath,
 Each should not pleased be.*

Occasional Poems.

To a friend. Ode.

Affect not aierie Popularitie
 But what thou wouldst be thought, that strive to be !
 Praise is but Virtues shadow ; who court her
 Doth more the handmaid then the Dame admire.
 Who only doth wel, wel spoke of to bee,
 Studies the praise and not the virtue, he.
 To blaze thy virtues ne'r bespeak thy friend !
 If good, they speak thee and themselves commend.
 Now men but judge by heare-say, thus, they'l know,
 And see thy worth, and judge it greater too.
 True worth is best displaid by modestie
 The greatest rivers slide most silentlie,
 Only the shallow brooks do prattle, they
 Make a great noise and go but little way.
 Fame that doth feed oth' vaine applause of men,
 Gapes to its Eccho to be heard agen :
 And like this, lives awhile by others breath ;
 Which being stopt is hush't to silent death.
 Good actions crown themselves with lasting baies,
 Who deserves wel, needs not anothers praise.
 Virtue's her own reward ; though, *Euge*, none
 Wil cry, 'tis Guerdon yet to have wel done.

*A sudden Phansie at
 Midnight.*

How ist we are thus melancholic ? what
 Are our rich ferkins out ? or rather that

Which

Occasional Poems.

13

Which did inspire them, the Immortal wine ,
 That did create us, like it self, divine ?
 Or are we *Nectar*-sated to the hight ?
 Or do we droop under the aged night ?
 If so : weel vote it ne'r to be eleven
 Rather then *thus* to part at six and seaven:
 Moult then thy speedy wings old Time ! and be
 As slow-pac't as becomes thy age ! that we
 May chirp awhile, and when we take our ease,
 Then flie and poast as nimbly as your please !
 Play the good fellow with us, and sit down
 A while, that we may drink the to'ther round !
 I'l promise here is none shal thee misuse,
 Or pluck thee by the foretop in abuse.
 Time saies he wil nor can he stay, 'cause he
 Thinks him too grave for your young companie.

It makes no matter——Sirs

How say you yet toth' tother *Subsidie* ?
 Yes yes : And let our Ganymede nimbly flie
 And filus of: the same Poetick sherrie
Ben-Iohnson us'd to quaffe to make him merrie.
 Such as would make the *grey-beard bottles* talk
 Had they but tongues, or, had they legs, to walk :
 Such as would make *Apollo* smile, or wu'd
 Draw all the Sisters to our Brotherhood.
 And though the bald Fool staies not, let him know
 Weel sit and drink as fast as he shal go.
 So as the salt Anchovis swam in oyl,
 Wee'l make them swim again in sacks sweet spoil.

14 Occasional Poems.

On a Map of the World accidentally fallen into the water and spoiled.

THE world drown'd once agen ? sure holy text
Saies it should be by fire dissolv'd next.
Deucalion then weeps for this world, as much
As once for th' old he did, it's sins are such;
And as before he drown'd a world of men,
In figure thus by chance it sinks agen.

Who *Plato's* book of Commonwealth did view
By mice devour'd and thought thence would ensue
A fatal Period of the publick State ;
Would ha' presag'd the like unhappy fate
(Had but he seen this) were attending us,
And construed this dire chance as ominous
I'll not obtrude for truths Prophetick dreams ;
Yet *Mara's* waters like *Nile's* feav'nfold streams
'Tofore that gently did but wet this Land
Now in a purple lake of bloud do stand
And quite o'rwhelm't : and which is worse we fear
No Olivebranch wil e'r agen appear.
The Microcosme of individual man
See how that wavers in an Ocean
Of perillous inconstancie ! whilst phlegme
And crude raw humours quench the fires in him ;
That his split-sailes bear not the gentlest blast
See how the Moral world in strife doth wast !
And by like jarring doth decay ! whilst we
From il to worse stil slide, and in a sea
Of Error drown at last ! Since then we see
Both these and the material world must be
I'th end dissolv'd : I grieve the lesse for thee,
That art all theirs but thin Epitomie.

Occasional Poems.

15

Upon the sight of an old but very deformed woman.

† Saw a woman : Bless me ! did I say
 A woman or a Witch ? or what you may
 Or can more horrid think, a Furie ; she
 Was more deform'd then Deaths Anatomic
 Nor the black ink, nor this more ragged quill
 Can dawb her forth, she look't so monstrous ill.
 A Camel-back with a crookt baker-knee,
 Bow'd like a token for the earth was she :
 Her eies two inches buried in her head
 Like leaden bullets seem'd, they lookt so dead :
 Her nose did like a Promontorie, threat
 With its appendant drop the chin to meet.
 Her eie brows hairie, and her rougher brow
 Furrow'd with wrinckles did like trenches show ;
 Her parched hair did hang like wither'd hay,
 About her ears, it was so drie and grey :
 Her lean chops rough and hollow as the earth
 When chopt for rain in a drie summers dearth :
 The mark was out of her coney-mumping mouth,
 Where if a tongue yet was there ne'r a tooth ;
 Which when she op't, 'twas but to fart a cough,
 Where who stood by would with him farther off :
 Her lips like th' Monkies hairy hard and thin
 And in her bosome hung her forked chin.
 Thus monstrous uglie and deform'd was she ;
 From such a wainscoat face, *Deliver me !*

*On the late Sect of the
Adamites.*

A Sect of *Adamites* of late's reviv'd,
 Who seem more innocent then e'r *Adam* liv'd.
 Such as will naked go, and think't a sin
 To wear a garment, they're so hot within
 With Lust, that they all cloathing do disdain;
Aarons old Vestments they account prophane,
Elisha's double mantle when they hear
 But nam'd, they sweat agen : they nought wil wear,
 Not holy lawn to keep them from the air,
 Nor St. *Johns* raiment, made of Camels heir :
 These Vestal garments though they holy be,
 Yet they do smel of strong hypocrisie,
Denias must leave his cloak, not any thing
 Must here be worn, no nor a wedding ring,
 Nor fig-leaves, such as *Adam* wore long since,
 When he had lost his Robe of Innocence.
 The whore of *Babels* smock they all detest,
 All Antichristian Reliques with the rest.
 All must be barely naked ; 'cause they say
 Truth it self naked goes, and so should they.
 Naked as from their mothers wombs, they wear
 Nothing that covers onely skin and hair ;
 Thus marching naked Sister, with a brother,
 For want of clothes they cover one another
 In some dark Grange thus meet they, where 'tis fit
 That they the deeds of darkness should commit :
 The candles are put out, because they say
 They are enlightned all, and so they pray ;
 Here they begin ; and thus divide the text,
 Handling in order whosoe'r comes next.
 They feel a womans faith, tel by th' spirit
 (Which doth possess them) which shal heav'n inherit.
 Each

Occasional Poems.

17

Each Saint his fellow-feeler chuseth there,
 As at the Spring each bird doth choose his Peer.
 And when they all grow proud with hot desires,
 Thus they correct and quench the rising fires.

*To a Ladie on the Death of
 her little Dog.*

MAdam, that any dog should die,
 I not at all do wonder, I ;
 Nor can I yours bemoane indeed,
 Since like it self a dog it died.
 Yet 'twas a pretty dog, I vow,
 Descended wel, welfavoured too ;
 Kept clean, and cleanly with the maid
 Ayr'd it self every day, 'tis said :
 Then it would smiling fawn, and at
 Your trencher with much dutie waite ;
 Bark when it wanted chicken, and
 Would take no meat but from your hand ;
 And like your shadow follow you
 Close wheresoever you would go :
 Then to your bed 'twould duly come
 And lick you where you pleas'd, whose room
 Many good Christians would have tane
 With willing hearts, and there have lane.
 Lastly (which must not be forgot)
 'Twas good condition'd ; was it not ?
 A Dog of wax assoon it was ;
 It did not *Tobits* dog surpass,
 In mood and form that wag'd his taile
 As 'twould ha' said to his master, haile !
 When bold *zeliffes* after ten
 Whole years to *Ithara* agen

Return'd

Return'd his dog yet him did know
 And welcom'd home ; your dog had no
 Such memorie I think ; nor would
 Ha' shown such daintie tricks as could
 The Tinkers cur of *wapping*, that
 Did pray and dance on two, and what
 More wondrous is, with taile in's mouth
 Trip the Canaries round forsooth.
 Your dog I grant was better bred,
 Brought up at hand ; and better fed
 Then taught, for this same stately wretch
 Scorn'd ought to carry or to fetch.
 What worth was in it then, that you
 So much should prize and love it too ?
 For I'l be bold the last great fal
 Of men where Death had conquer'd all
 The field almost, and you did loose
 On each side friends, that none of those
 Nor, all so much afflicted you
 As your dogs fatal end doth now.
 Oh ! it did love you : wel it might,
 So 'twould whoe'r made much of it.
 But let me tel you by the way
 (Not to offend you) I heard say,
 Your dog so fed with sweetmeats was,
 Cakebread, and Almondbutter, as
 It's breath did shrewdly stink : but let
 That pass ; t'had a worse qualitie yet,
 T'would stil be barking with it self,
 That I have joy'd to see the Elf
 How finely it would turn, when down
 It rowld it self upon the ground :
 For then t'would quiet lie awhile.
 But since tis now more quiet ; I'l
 Not pittie it, but you, to grieve
 'Cause your dog could not ever live.
 Dogs have their daies, 'tis true : and though
 A dog-star shines above, below

Occasional Poems.

19

They die. Yet since you lov'd its sight
 VVee'l pourtrayt e'r you bury it :
 And for his Epitaph shal be
 This underwrit in memorie ;

His Mistresse chiefest joy and grieve,
 Lov'd too almost as her own life ;
 Here lies the best of Dogs, and lest,
 That *Album Græcum* made the best
 To cure sore throats with ; for 'tis said
 The Isle of Dogs such never had.
 But dead doth now so worthless prove
 His skin wil hardly make one glove
 For a child's itchy hand : yet hee
 Lives famous in Effigie.

In Crumenâ Vacuum an non ?

NAture as saies Philosophie
 Admits no *vacuum* ; yet I
 (O the sad fate of *Codrns* curse!)
 Find there's a *Vacuum* in my purse.
 Or Nature errs sure, or the gold
 VVhich my now empty purse did hold.
 VVhen the last mite's exhausted, wou'll
 You then perswade me yet 'tis ful ?
 VVhen Taverns and the Mercers book
 Have pickt my pocket, shall I look
 Then for gold there ? I can't I tro
 Both eat my cake and have it too ?
 Yet to make good this Axiome,
 Here's one in charitie throwes some
 Small crums of comfort in : he tels
 Mee its ful of air, but nothing els :
 Alas ! I'm no Chamælion,
 Nor can I live by air alone.

Occasional Poems.

If all thy gold dissolved be
 To liquid and *Potabile*;
 Wil not your strings stretch for one pint
 Of Sack ? all gone ? is nothing in't ?
 Oh thou my dear and quondam friend
 That in my need didst money lend,
 How do I grieve thy skeliton
 Reduc'd thus soon to skin and bone !
 Sure some wil think that see thy thin
 And aierie Corps, that thou hast bin
 Some Poets purse, thus made refine
 By th'Alchimie of wit and wine :
 And that thy Angel gold may bee.
 Still there, though it we cannot see;
 It is so sublimated, and
 So pure ; for since we understand
 The Angels to be Spirits, then
 Thou'rt become spiritual agen.

Well then Philosophie in truth,
 I find thou speakst the naked truth ;
 For though for coine it empty be
 Yet there is no vacuitie.
 Though no bright Angel do appear
 In this dispised Hemisphear ;
 Yet the Div'ls in't without all doubt
 There's ne'r a crosse to keep him out. *De sunt nonnulla.*

To a Friend wishing peace.

L Et's all be friends ! a happy peace
 Would make us prize that 'bove our ease :
 Then we wou'd home, and marrie too,
 To keep that corner of the house
 Yet left unsackt by civil foe,
 And drink a round in dear carouse.

Occasional Poems.

21

Oh what a happy thing it were,
 To live secure, and free from fear
 Of plunder ! when the dul hind may
 With pig in hand his yearly rent
 To his old Landlord justly pay
 In stead of King or Parliament !

No hurrie then of dread Alar'ms ;
 From sleep should fright us into Arms :
 Gaols shou'd stand emptie then, and wee
 Enlarged as the winds may breath
 Each where, and as in Jubilee
 Live free from fear of sudden death.

The Trumpet then shal onely blaze
 In Christmas or at Puppet plaies ;
 Or serve the Clowns to summon o're
 To wait o'th' Judge, at grand Assize ;
 And the drum onely beat before
 A muzled Bear, or harmless prize.

Then shal we see no arms, but such
 As in the great Hall hang o'th' crutch
 All rust with cobwebs, which to clear
 The Grooms and Coachmen, (as you know
 It was the custome) once a year
 Must at the County training show.

In the Kings highway then wee'l ride,
 (Not skulking lest we should be spi'd
 In private lanes or by-waies cut
 By hardy Pioneer) a gentle pace,
 In stead of marching to a hut
 Or hedge, unto some warmer place.

O'th' week-daies then wee'l bowle and chat
 Of our dear loves, and you know what,

But

22

Occasional Poems.

But not one syllable of State,
 Amidst our pleasant mirth ; and then
 (If that Religion bear date)
 Wee'l pray on Sundaies once agen.

If Oliv'd peace should once more smile
 And say, be happy ! to this Isle ,
 (Dear friend !) as who knows but she may ?)
 I dare presume that you and I
 Shal kiss her feet, and wish her stay ;
 And he that doth not, may he die !

Song in a siege.

Fill, fill the goblet full with sack !
 I mean our tall black-jerkin Jack,
 Whose hide is prooffe 'gainst rabble-Rout,
 And will keep all ill weathers out.
 What though our plate be coin'd and spent ?
 Our faces next we'l send to th' mint :
 And 'fore wee'l basely yield the town,
 Sack it our selves and drink it down.

Accurst be he doth talk or think
 Of treating, or denies to drink,
 Such drie hopsucking narrow souls
 Taste not the freedome of our bowles.
 They onely are besieg'd, whilst we
 By drinking purchase libertie.
 Wine doth enlarge, and ease our minds,
 Who freely drinks no thraldome finds.

Let's drink then as we us'd to fight,
 As long as we can stand, in spight
 Of Foe or Fortune ! who can tel ?
 Shce with our cups again may swell ;

Occasional Poems.

23

Hee neither dares to die or fight,
Whom harmlesse fears from healths affright :
Then let us drink our sorrows down,
And our selves up to keep the town.

*On the Creeple Souldiers marching in
Oxford in the Lord Thr.Cot-
tington's Companie.*

S Tay Gentlemen ! and you shal see a very rare fight ;
Souldiers who though they want arms, yet wil fight :
Nay some of them have never a leg but onely *will* :
Their Governour, and yet they'l stand to it stil.
The birds call'd *Apodes* they resemble, and seem
To be without either wing or leg, like them.
Oh the courage of a drunken and valiant man !
For each wil be going when he cannot stand !
Then room for Criples ! here comes a companie,
Such as before I think you ne'r did see :
Here s one like a Pidgion goes pinion'd in spight
Of old *Priapus*, the birds to affright :
Another limps as if he had got the Pharse,
With his half leg-like a Goose close up to his arse,
Yet mistake me not ! this is no Puppet play ;
You shal onely see the several motions to day.
Ram: tan: tan: with a Spanish march and gate (stare.
Thus they follow their Leader according to his wonted
A Snaile or a Crablouse would march in a day.
If driven as led with the white staffe as far as they.
What I should cal them I hardly do know,
Foot they are not as appears by the show :
By the wearing of their Musquets to which they are ty'd,
They should be Dragooners had they horses to ride.
And yet now I think on t, they cannot be such ;
Because each man hath his rest for his crutch.

To

24 Occasional Poems.

To these their Officer need not to say at alar'ms,
 Stand to your Colours, or handle your arms :
 Yet that they are Souldiours, your safely may say,
 For they'l die before they wil run away :
 Nay, they are stout as ever were *Vantrumps*,
 For like *Widarrington* they'l fight upon their very stumps.
 They have keen *Estridge* stomachs, and wel digest
 Both Iron and Lead, as a Dog wil a breast
 Of Mutton. But now to their Pedigree ;
 That they are sons of *Mars*, most writers agree ;
 Some conceive from the Badger old *Vulcan* they came,
 Because like him they are Mettle-men and lame, (and
 The moderns think they came from the *Guyes* of *Warwick*,
 Some think they are of the old *Herculean* band :
 For as by his foot he was discover'd, so
 By their feet you their valour may know.
 And though many wear wooden legs and crutches,
 Yet, by *Hercules*, I can assure you, such is
 Their steeled resolution, that here
 You'l find none that wil the woodden dagger wear.
 They're true and trustie *Trojans* all believe me,
 And stride their wooden Palfreis well : t'would grieve me
 To see them tire before they get
 Unto the Holy-bush ; but yet
 If they should faint, at that end of the town,
 They may set up their horses and lie down.
 Most of these fighters, I would have you to know,
 Were our brave *Edgehil Mermidons* awhile agoe.
 Who were their limbs like their looser rags-
 Ready to leave them at the next hedge, with brags,
 That through the merit of their former harms,
 They die like Gentlemen though they bear no arms.
 Now some wil suspect that my Muse may be,
 'Cause she is so lame, of this Companie :
 And the rather, because one verse sometimes,
 Is much shorter then his fellows to hold up the rithmes ;
 I confess before Criples to halt is not good :
 Yet for excuse shee pleads, she understood

That

Occasional Poems.

25

That things by their families are best displaid,
And for that cause her feet are now Iambick made.

Refrigerium.

NOW through each vein my blood doth run
Hot as the Summers scorching Sun,
Whilst on what side so e'r I turn,
With double frying flames I burn.
To cool both *Aetna's* first I'll have
An Arbour coole as is the grave,
And with green shadie branches wove
As covert as *Dodona's* grove.
So that the Sun may not appear
At all in this close Hemisphere.
With Curran-bushes I'll hav't made
Vail'd o'r with Sycamores coole shade,
And mixt with Rasps and Cherrytrees,
Whose choice fruit may my pallat please.

I'th' midst of which next shal be spread
Upon a large and spacious stead,
A frost-upon-green tabbie Quilt
Water'd. as if't had there bin spilt,
Strew'd o'r with Roses where I may
Naked my lazie limbs display ;
And underneath't a Christal stream
Of fresh Rose-water still'd from them
Through th'limbeck of my body, that
My smelling Sense may recreate.
A marble Fountain next I'll have
Close by in a large hollow cave
Springing with *Nilus* seav'nfold streams,
Til they all meet in one fair Thames :
Washing in whose pure waters we
Diana and her *Nymphs* may see :

With

With other lively Pictures, that
My *Seeing* sense may recreate.

Next I wil have *Arion* play
Upon a *Dolphins* back, whose lay
Shal teach each bird to chirp and trie
How to excel his harmonie.

Orpheus his harp, *Apello's* lyre
Shal with the *Syrens* fill the Quire.

With other sorts of Musick, that
My hearing Sense may recreate.

A *Mirmaid* next I'l have in stead
Oth' Barber for to kemb my head :
All the four Winds too shal conspire
With gentle breize to coole my fire
Till I being fann'd with Ladies love,
Then their cold Sex shall colder prove.
Last, because nought cools better then
A Maid who warms and cooles agen.

I'l have a young plump amorous Queen,
Ripe though she be not yet fifteen.
'Twixt whose close arms and snowie breast
I may diffuse my heat, and rest :
Then bath my self in kisses, that
My *Feeling* Sense may recreate.

Thus when at once I all my Senses please,
Me thinks I feel my self in Paradise.

ELEGIES.

By Robert Heath, Esquire.



LONDON,
Printed for HUMPHRY MOSELEY,
and are to be sold at his Shop at the
signe of the Princes Arms in S. Pauls
Church-yard, 1650.



Elegies.

On the Death of the young and pious Ladie M^{rs} C.P.

SO yong and ripe in judgement ? fit for heaven
 A Saint shee was on earth, before eleven.
 What Virtue was there lodg'd in this smal world,
 Whose soul grew faster then the body could ?
 Sins shee had none, but what curst Nature gave,
 Yet e'r she knew't, shee long'd this world to leave,
 Where but new enter'd, she with pious rage
 Her Prologue spoke, doth bravely quit the stage.
 Oh happy growth, that in so short a time,
 This early blossome thus to heav'n could climb !

Epicedium

On the beautiful Lady M^{rs} A.K. unfortu- nately drowned by chance in the Thames in passing the Bridge.

Drown'd ? and i'th' Thames ? oh how I grieve to see
 Such fair streams act so foul a Tragedie !
 Not all thy main which twice a day doth flow,
 Can wash this guilt from off thy conscious brow.

Like

Elegies.

Like the dead sea thou look'st ; whilst every wave
 Thou wear'st, now seems to be another grave.
 Forgetful *Lethe*, or the Stygian Lake,
 As thou foul *Tyber*, looks not halfe so black.
 How horrid thou appear'st ! and thou dost tast
 Sowre, and not half so pleasant as thou wast ;
Rome now wil fear to drink thee, since thou'rt dyde
 With such chaste guilelesse blood, and none wil ride
 More on thy ruder waves, thy crueltie
 Since 't would not spare so fair a Saint as shee.
 How I could flow with anger ! chide thee too,
 But thou art innocent, as pure, I know :
 'Las 'twas her Fate, unhappy Destinie !
 Thus to thy streams, to adde more puritie.
 Thou'rt become white agen ; an Element
 Fit to receive a soul so innocent ;
 Whose body buried in thy Chrystal tomb
 Transparent lies, scorning earths baser womb.
 Gilt *Tagus* banks, nor the *Pestolian*
 Can boast such Golden treasures as you can.
 Thou didst but lend her to the Earth awhile,
 Thou hast thy Pearl again, now *Tham's* smile.
 'Tis fit such gems should by the makers hands
 Shine thus transplanted to their native sands.

*On the Death of the excellent fair
 Lady, the Lady A.R.*

How blindly erring were those Painters, that
 Did without eies grim Death delineate ?
 Did he not ayming shoot, and shooting hit
 'Midst the Arcadian Nymphs this fairest white,
 This whitest *Venus* Dove ? without his sight
 How had he found this mark, or shot so right ?

Thus

Elegies.

3

Thus as he aiming stood, and in his heart
 Relenting doubted, whether his fel dart
 He should or spare or send, so long he gaz'd
 Upon her Beauties splendour all amaz'd,
 That the bright raies she darted, did so shine
 And dazle the beholding Archers eyne,
 That whilst he trembling shot and made her light
 Extinct, the beams of that put out his sight.
 And so e'r since Death hath been blind indeed;
 On her fair Tomb this Epitaph shal be read :
Beautie here on Death reveng'd, Triumphant lies,
whose Glories won all hearts, put out all eies.

On the losse of Mr N.W. his three fingers cut off at the battel of Edgehil, he being both a Poet and a Musitian.

BY some it hath been said,
 That the best Musick is by discord made ;
 But here, (I grieve to see)
 By discords we have lost our harmonie.
 How cruel was that hand
 Depriv'd thee of thy cunning fingers ? and
 At one unhappy blow
 Cut off an *Orpheus*, and a Poet too ?
 How sadly the strings rest
 E'r since those fingers which before exprest
 On them such lively art,
 Were thus dissected from their constant part ?
 Yet though these joynts be gone
 To quiet ease, two fingers stil are on,
 Which with dexteritie
 Can write the Epitaph o'th' t'other three.

E

And

4

Elegies.

And though you cannot play ;
Yet still both sing, and versifie you may.

Nænia

*Upon the death of my dear friend T.S.
Esquire, slain at the first fight at
Newbery, 1645.*

PAle Ghost ! I weep, not 'cause thy precious blood
Honour'd when spilt, a cause so just, so good ;
Nor grieve I 'cause so much that suffer'd too,
I th' losse of such a Champion as you :
This makes my heart afresh with thy wounds bleed,
A Loyal Subject, and my friend, is dead.
One, whose unborrow'd native Wit proclaim'd
Him sole *Apollo's* heire ; whose *Vertues* fam'd
Him with *Pandora's* gifts endow'd ; whose parts
Did stile him Master of all noble Arts.
One whose Youths sprightful valour did encline
To acts Heroick without help of wine,
One who prefer'd the cause he had in hand
Above his life, before his fathers land :
One that was forward, yet not desp'rate bold,
A coward in ill acts, yet durst behold
Death in his ugliest vizar. This was Hee
Who lov'd his friend, and feard no Enemy.
Who nobly thus did seek an early grave,
Because he scorn'd to live a subjects slave.
Wide was the Orifice sure of thy large wound,
Els had thy great and gallant soul ne'r found
So easie passage thence to fallie out,
And leave her so lov'd seat to range about

Th'Elelian

Elegies.

5

Th'Eleſian groves. My ſouls beſt part adieu,
 I'll bathe thy wound in tears, though wounded too.
 Drie eies forbear this urn ! oh come not neer
 To read this Epitaph without a tear.

*Spirit of Wit and Valour here doth lie
 Doubly entomb'd i'th' Readers heart and eie.*

*Upon the lingring death of the Virtuouſ
 Mrs L.H.*

DEath ! I not blame thy ſubtiltie
 In cutting off this Happy Shee :
 Ne'r didſt thou yet in thy black liſt enroul
 So fair a ſoul.

Thy Envie ſnatcht her hence, leſt wee
 By her example taught, ſhould be
 Immortaliz'd by virtue, and live ſtil
 Againſt thy wil.

For hadſt thou ſpar'd her yet awhile,
 And not prevented by this wile
 Our grand deſign, thou'adſt loſt thy ſting, and wee
 Not feared thee.

Coward thou didſt by ſlow degrees
 Upon her Vital ſpirits ceaze,
 Els had ſhee ſummon'd pow'r, enough to ſtand
 Thy armed hand.

Subtile and envious Coward, thus
 Thou'aſt ſpoiled Nature, robbed us :
 Yet I not blame thee, thou'adſt no other way,
 To get thy prey.

6

Elegies.

*Upon the Death of the truly valiant
Sir Bevil Grenvil slain.*

SEE where in Western clouds our Sun is set !
 Whilst those thick groves of Pikes of him beset
 To guard his Valour, trembled all and shoke
 With Aspen fear, soon as this stately Oke
 Was cleft with fatal thunder ! every head
 Droops like pearl'd Violets now *Grenvil's* dead.
 Wee need no Gods of *Egypt* to exhale
 Salt rivers from our eies, and force us waile
 His sorrowed absence ; no sowre peelee, or Rue
 To damp our looks to Pharisaick hue.
 From *Grenvil's* Herse each cheek is watered,
 And scorns to wear a smile now he is dead.
 Did I not view Heav'ns great unarmed bow,
 I might suspect *Deucalion* would o'r-flow
 The drenched world again, and in his name
 Erect a new eternal Ark of Fame.
 What sudden inundation else could thus
 As in a second deluge bury us
 Alive ? and waft us by a quick return
 To shades ? what fire but that of his bright urne
 Could melt each Muse to liquified verse,
 And thus dissolve in Elegiack tears ?
 What Ocean but his Virtues could have drunk
 So many flouds from weeping eies, or sunk,
 So many drowning hearts ? at whose sad fall
 A deep groan'd *Diapason* drowneth all,
 And blends at once our Harmonie ———
 Oh I could curse that Planet that did reign
 At thy first birth, and e'r since smiling shine
 Til this unluckie hour it frown'd on thee,
 Prompting our Stars to bode us miserie.
 For if our hopeful cause should gasping lie,
 I'de swear it languisht, since she saw thee die.

Elegies.

7

*Upon the unfortunate death of the truly
gallant and noble Gent. Ed. Sack-
vil, Esquire.*

THy pow'r pale envious death I now defie,
 Thy rage is spent in this one Tragedie.
 Thou'ast purloin'd our chief wealth, and in one hour
 Rob'd Honours Garland of its choicest flow'r.
 Now do thy worst ! thy life-depriving dart,
 Can no more Conquest bring, nor deeper smart.
 Oft his tri'd Valour in the open field
 Dar'd thee, where since thou couldst not make him yield,
 Now by a weak and clandestine surprize
 Thou smit'st him unawares by cowardize.
 Yet went he arm'd against that fatal blow,
 Which sin did print upon his flesh, not you.
 Then be not proud of this thy spoil, since he
 Did wish to, more then you could make him, die.
 For now he lives fam'd to posteritie,
 Both for his Virtues and his Loyaltie.
 The gallant spirit of whose youthful heat
 Doth with his urnes clear oyle perpetuate.
 VVe weep not then, because he dy'd ; but thus ;
 The strange chance, doth strange wonder claim in us.
 Hee that but newly chang'd his mortal life
 In sacred wedlock, with a happy VVife,
 Is forc'd by th'ignorant malice of worse men
 To change it for a happ'er once agen :
 Hee whose rich Virtues gain'd each man his friend
 That knew them both, to his untimely end
 Thus brought by foes (if any he could have)
 Hath with his precious corps enricht the grave.
 Hee, Hee, is gone : and nought but sorrow left
 To mind us of the good we are bereft.

8

Elegies.

For 'tis not onely Hee ; we all are dead
 As when the Sun sets flow'rs seem withered :
 Nor doth his Fam'ly onely lose a stem,
 The Kingdome suffers in the losse of him.
 More I should say ; but sullen grieve denies,
 I'l sigh, and vent the rest with weeping eies.

Elegie

*Upon the death of that thrice valiant
 Lord, the Lord Bernard Stewart, slain
 in the fight neer VVest-Chester.*

BOast not proud death of this thy Victorie !
 In killing him who thus resolv'd to die !
 Hadst thou a life to lose, I would on thee
 Revenge his too too early Destinie.
 But Coward ! thou nor spirit hast nor heat ;
 Els thou wouldst neer ha' smit so brave, so great
 A Person, that on thy dread Tragick stage
 Fought on thy side, and in that bloodie rage
 To thy black shades so many breathlesse sent.
 Perhaps thou feardst his highborn furie meant
 With fierce assault thy conqu'ring selfe disarm,
 Sans fear of death he fought so ; at which alar'm,
 Lest he thy territories should invade,
 And so usurp thy pow'r, thou wast afraid,
 So 'caus thy jealous fear would admit none,
 A Rival in thy Empire, thou so soon
 Didst cut him off. Happy unhappy he
 Right noble born, and dying ; here doth lie,
 Whose single Death-despising Valour made
 His greatest enemy, *Death* it selfe afraid.

Elegies.

9

*On the Death of that most famous Musi-
cian M^r VV. Lawes, slain in this un-
happy Civil Warr.*

Such is the strange Antipathie between
The Wolfe and sheep ; that a Drum with Wolves skin
Headed and beat, the parchments bottome breaks,
And soundless to the stick no answer makes :
So the Wolfe's by, the * Lambstrings break ; so * dumb
Is th'other, when you sound a Wolves-skin'd Drum.

By Wolves our *Orpheus* thus oppos'd was slain ;
His Lyres offended strings thus crackt in twain,
At their harsh foes approach, and rang his knell.
Such untun'd souls, who discord lov'd too well,
Knew not the Heav'n of Musicks harmonie
(And who not love't dull or il-natur'd be)
But more enraged grew. Else like those
Wild beasts *Amphion* tam'd, they wou'd ha' rose
Inspir'd with love, and kist those hands, whose aires
Ravish'd the birds, and taught the heav'nly Spheres
To move in pleasing consort. But e'r sin'
Our *Lawes* expir'd, this Common-wealth hath bin
Quite out of tune. Could his surviving laies
Yet 'swage our *Genius* (as *Pythagoras*

* *Sic Alciatus putavit in illo eleganti Emblemate. Coetere murescent coriumq; filebit ovillum Si confecta lupi tympana pelle sonent, &c. Tanta quippe est antipathia, ut ne morte quidem finiatur ; sed vel tum quoq; Lupus Ovi formidolosus existat. * Ideoq; Lupinas fides si jungas agnitis, illas dissilere scribit Martinus del Rio. lib. 1. Disqui Magic. c. 4.*

10

Elegies.

VWith his soft accents, and sweet strains subdu'd
 And well pleas'd a mad-brain'd multitude)
 I'de swear they were Divine, whose pow'rful breath
 Could Eccho his rare concords after death,
 And in Loves Symphonie unite each part.
 This had been done by *Larves* hid hand and Art,
 (Had he but liv'd ;) e'r now. *Melpomene*,
 Mourn then ! for earth hath lost her harmonie.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS

The first Book.

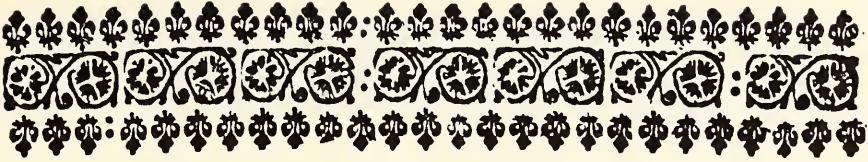
By Robert Heath, *Esquire.*

Quam nihil, hoc aliud, vel malé, præstat agam.



LONDON,

Printed for HUMPHRY MOSELEY,
and are to be sold at his Shop at the
signe of the Princes Arms in S. Pauls
Church-yard, 1650.



To the Reader.

Gentle Reader,



suspect your selfe, and not me, I am no wilde Satyr, no Rhinoceros, cui nasus suspendet aduncus : if you make not your selfe the greater monster, and by a guilty application think your selfe pointed at. Though the title Epigram seems to carrie a sting in the tayle : yet the harmlesse Bee wil not wound, unless you first provoke it. Indeed an Epigram should be aculeatum in caudâ, where the whole force of the argument $\pi\alpha\epsilon\gamma\iota\ \pi\rho\sigma\delta\omicron\chi\iota\alpha\nu$ should be syllogistically summed up in the conclusion. This Lesbian rule, I have endeavoured to keep, where perhaps I conclude sometimes with gall enough, but no spleen. I not personate thee, but thy follies (if thou hast any.) Such general censures are not scandalous, but useful, and therefore pardonable. If thou seest then thy imperfections in any of these Idæas as in a mirrour represented to thee, blame Nature and thy self, and not the glass that shewes them. All that I shall say to excuse these illepidas ineptias, in that they are not all alike salted, is what the best of Epigramatists said of his own long since.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sed mala plura :
Quæ legis hic aliter non fit Avite, liber.*

*Some good there are, some mean, though most be bad,
Ne'r book was otherwise (Good Reader ?) made.*



Epigrams. *Lib. I.*

To the Reader of my Epigrams and Satyrs.

R *Eader!* that we may stil be friends be wise!
 And read no more of me, I thee advise!
 Somewhere thou'lt find thy selfe abus'd, and hate
 My naked truths, and so repent too late;
 Some sawcie line, if they, not give offence,
 The duller yet, wil vex thy patience.
 Why wrot I then, me thinks I hear it sed,
 If I not meant the Satyrs should be read?
 Read on then at your peril! but see you
 Read as I writ, having nought els to do.

To a lascivious Blackamoore Woman.

'T *Is* Night in thine, in my face day: but yet
 Should wee joyn; wee might mongrel twilight get;
 A Tawny-moore that would of both partake:
 Haunt me not Shade! I'l no new monster make.

To

Epigrams.

To Cosmus.

WOULDST know who 'tis that makes his knife his plough?
 Reaps with encrease, and yet doth never sow?
 That hath no Granarie to *inn* an care,
 And yet 'tis harvest with him all the year?
 That without fear of Statute, doth ingrosse
 All th'corn hee can, and lives by others losse?
 Nor buyes nor sels, nor eats it? then know (Sir?)
 'Tis *Gemurcide*, your humble Corn-cutter.

On Lieutenant Catch.

Catch brags much of his learning; and how wel
 In letters versty, he many doth excel:
 Thou wert indeed a cunning letter'd knave,
 Thy learning from the gallows thee did save:
 No *Samian* e'r so letter'd was, as you,
 Twice thou wast burnt i'th' hand, and once i'th' brow.

*To one that after ten years studie, brought
 forth a lamentable work.*

TEN years you say 'tis, since you 'gan to write:
 So long in bringing forth so little wit?
 So after ten years siege the Græcians won
 But a dry ravisht *Helen*, and burnt town:
 So Elephants bring forth, having ten years gone,
 A fœtuous monster, such as you have done.

On rich Lock.

RIch Lock's maids stay not long with him, yet they
Laden all, though not Maiden, go away :
Some to his tenants eldest sons are wed,
Some to his menial servants married ;
With th' first he gives some monie, and to these
A Rent-free farme or Copyhold he gi'es.
Well their short service thou rewardest Lock :
Young Tenants can't begin without a stock.
Sure a more gracious Landlord ne'r was known
Lock's now more like a father to his town.

To the Printer.

I Prithee spoil-sheet ! through resolv'd mistake
Don't in my book more new Errata's make !
And force, ith' latter sheet thy Reader so
With thy faults and smal sense more pennance do !
Hee'l not forgive thee, since he knows ful wel
You made them now, that it might better sel.

On Galla her going to a Nunnerie.

E'R her Probation year was finished,
She not approv'd that life ; *Improve* she did:
The first year *Galla* only said she meant
To prove ; She prov'd indeed, with child, and went.

Epigrams.

On Marcus.

Homers *Stentorian* that had the voice
 Of fifty men, made not so great a noise
 As *Marcus*, when he pleads ; no Judge can sleep
 Or Officer, he doth such bawling keep.
 Who but loud *Marcus* the Court practice hath ?
 His clients cause he carries with a breath.

To Sullen.

Sullen, when it is vext 'twil angry fit,
 'Twil neither eat nor drink, but pout and fret :
 Fast ! you do wel , in *Gallen* I have read
 Such scurvie humours should be sterv'd, not fed.

On Cleombrotus.

Soon as *Cleombrotus* th' *Ambraciot* read
 Grave *Plato's Phædo* that discours'd how dead
 This life is ; after which the soul should be
 Cloath'd with a robe of Immortalitie.
 Mistaking *him* ; himself did fondly drown,
 And cryd thus chang'd my *crook* is for a *Crown*.
 Alas ! poor blind deceived Mortal ! he
 Made too much hast to Immortalitie :
 Who'd take by force what may be giv'n him ? since
 Heav'n ne'r was purchas'd by *such* violence ?

Epigrams.

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To a Travellour.

YOU talk of *Silarns* that turns wood to stone ;
 Of a Fount flows with wax, and then of one
 That streams with pitch ; and of the *Andrian* Spring
 That store of wine and oyl doth daily bring ;
 All *this* I'l first beleive, then travaile I,
 To see how wide you and your fountains *lie*.

On the Ladie Seem-pol.

DRest like her self, her feat discourse is drawn
 Latinify'd in fine spun Cobweb lawn ;
 Each flatuous word swels with verboritic,
 And speaks how skild she is in Sophistrie :
 How wise your *babes* would be, if *they*, so young,
 Should learne from you to speak their mother tongue ?
 Nay she learn'd *Aristotle* ; dares confute
 Or, with *Bengeli*, of the Stars dispute ?
 Far above *humane*, much *more*, womans reach
 Or laugh at him that did oth' Sunday preach :
 Thus at her tongue most rarely good is she :
 She's at her tail as good, or fame doth lie.

On Sir Gervas Loftie.

WHat what a Spanish gate this portly tale
 And glorious Ship doth through the Ocean sail
 Of its vast boundless pride ? at which the smal
 And weaker pinnace must or break or vail ?

He

6

Epigrams.

He wil know no man ; this the cause may be,
 He hardly knows himself, for every day
 He or his garment's not the same, whilst he
 Turns shapes like *Proteus*, looking big and gay.
 Poor ship although your sails so wide you bear,
 I know ther's twenty have in thee a share.

To the Reader.

DOST wonder Reader why my Satyr-Muse
 Hath got no lines ith' front as others use
 To set her forth, and so conceive her poore
 'Cause friendless as not worth the reading o'r ?
 Why I bespoke not other men to write
Encomium's there, whose empty praises might
 Make the enlarged Preface swel and look
 Like *Mindus* porch, as big as all the book ?
 She scornd to beg applause, or trouble friends,
 Except those she gets : *Good wine* it *self* commends.
 Why shud a stranger at her feast say grace ?
 She bids you welcome, fall to, if you please !

Epitaph on a Poor Alchymist.

THE ashes of a Golden Afs,
 Not worth a monument of brass,
 Or Chymist subtle as his gold,
 Reader ! this earthen urn doth hold ;
 Who, his gold vanisht all to air
 And dear-bought cinders, through despair
 And Deaths more certain Chimestric,
 The Quintessence of Fool did die,

Thus

Epigrams.

7

Thus sublimated and calcin'd
To nothing, but poor dust refin'd.

Why men are so unlike.

WHY one man is not like another', *this* ;
No one is like himself, and so it is.

To Madam Moyle on her Picture.

MADAM ! their judgments I commend who said,
Your Pictur's like your self, for it is made
Of fading colours which wil wear away,
To be gaz'd on a while, and then decay ;
An empty shadow with a rouling sight,
Looks wantonly on all that look on it ;
A wel drest statue, yes ; and painted too ;
'Tis very like you, *Madam* ! so are you.

Epitaph on a very fat man.

UNDER this pebble stone,
Here fast sleepeth one,
And that is not two ;
Yet was without doubt
Far bigger about,
Then both I, and you.
His kidneys encreast
So much, that his waist

Was

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Epigrams.

Was hooped all round :
 So his girdle Death cuts,
 And down fel his gurs,
 'Bouts heels to the ground.

To Clois.

I Know you rich ; you are an heir,
 You'r courteous, liberal, and fair,
 You'r wise too, as most women are,
 Jolly, and friendly, debonair :
 I like this freedom ; but they say
 You are to free another way.
Clois farewel ! your gold's too light,
 And so I may too dearly buy't.

On the English Mounſieur.

AN English Mounſieur lately came from *France*,
 Where he had learnt to make a leg, to dance,
 To kiſs his little finger, ride the Barbe,
 And wear his cloaths in the authentick garbe.
 Seeing him thus ith' *mode*, I did demand
 In French, how long 'twas ſince he came to land ?
 He anſwer'd not, but ſaid he had been long
 In *France*, but never car'd to learne the tongue.
 How many are there whom we thus miſtake,
 That travel only thus for faſhion ſake ?

On

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Epigrams.

9

On Philautus.

Philautus thinks each woman that doth view
His proper person, streight must love him too :
Alas Town cladder thou'rt mistane I see,
Thou lov'st thy self, and them, they laugh at thee.

On Nab and Plodwel.

Nab gone to Sea two years or more, and dead
Reported since, his wife did *Plodwel* wed :
Return'd *Nab* found his wife with child, and though
Her he must keep, the child he would not too.
Plodwel ejected of's new home and wife,
Laid the case thus : Tenant for years or life
When that his time expires, what e'r he leaves
Unto the Freehold fastned, the Law gives
All to the Landlord ; and who ploughs, and sows
Anothers ground at his own peril do's
The same, and looses all the crop : since I
Have trespass'd, reap the same ! he made reply,
The barn and ground's your own ; good land should not
Lie fallow. *Nab* thus gain'd what *Plodwel* got.

To Lupa.

Thy daughter-Whore, begets a Bawd her mother,
As Ice and water each engender other :
Though thy age freize with her salt mixt like snow
Before her lustfull fires, it thaweth too

By

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Epigrams.

By the same heat inflam'd : when she grows ice
So you can warme her bloud with Bawdes advice.

On Priske and Galla.

SOME think *Prisk's* great with *Galla* ; but say I,
She is grown great with him, or fame doth lie.

To a fat Usurer.

FAT folks we say by nature are most free :
You and your purse are fat, and yet I see
Your hand and that still shut, the reasons this ;
In costive flesh thy *lean* soul buried is.

On Wylde.

HIS father sick and dying, *Wylde* mourn'd sore,
But 'twas because he died not before:
At's burial he in mourning weeds was clad,
This was cause th' Mother was not also dead :
She dead, sad soul ! he cloath'd himself in Sack
(Cloath I not mean) for th' belly, not the back.
Oh Viperous age ! when children shal so soon
Through envy wish their parents dead and gone !

On

Epigrams.

II

On Smart.

A Puritan once ; *Smart*, since conform'd did bow,
 Wore a Canonick cassock to his shooe :
 Turn'd with the tide he rails 'gainst Bishops now ;
 This for a quiet living *Smart* can do :
 Instead of Cassock now a cloack he wears,
 A broad hat with short hair and longer ears.
 As th' Sun moves he sets his Horoscope:
Smart's both a turn coat now, and Heliotrope.

On Brisk.

B *Brisk* brag'd of's ready wit ; I tempting him
 But for one distick, did propound this theam,
Nothing : It cannot be, he wondring said
 That out of *Nothing* ought shu'd e'r be made.
 Dul *Brisk* thou ne'r couldst tune *Apollo's* lyre :
 A puresteeld wit, wil strike *Mercurial* fire
 Out of the flintiest subject : but thy head
 Is all compos'd of softer mettle, *lead*.

On Mopsa a Chambermaide.

M *Mopsa* advanc'd from th' dairie to her Dame,
 With her black bag *conceal'd* from whence she came ;
Mopsa o'r her bodie had a tan'd goose skin,
 Yet her cloaths hid it, so that was not seen ;
Mopsa her face was chinkt and uglie too,
 Yet that she salv'd with Arts adulterate hue :

Mopsa's

Epigrams.

Mopsa's pretended simpring modestie
 Hid her foul thoughts : Stil good she seem'd to be :
Mopsa's womb swell'd, that fault was also hid
 By th' Chaplains cassock whom she married :
 But *Mopsa's* child did like her Master grow :
 Alas ! poor *Mopsa* was discover'd now.

To fat Apicius.

A *Picius* leave ! scratch thy bald pate no more !
 Hark how thy Muse supine doth sleeping snore
 In thy diseas'd and bedred soul ! She lies
 Slumbring resolv'd neither to wake or rise.
 Not all thy sprightly Sack or far fetcht chear
 Can help as midwives to deliver her.
 The fumes from thy ful paunch ascending fil
 Thy head with vapours, whose dul mists do kil
 And suffocate thy vitals, hurt thy brain,
 Where all thy genitive faculties are lane.
 The Muses live in hungry air, feed clean,
 So must you ; els your wit wil ne'r be keen.
 As 'tis in Nature so in Poesie,
 Seldom or nev'r fat bodies pregnant be.

On a deaf man and his blind wife.

T He husband's deaf, the wife cann't see a wink
 She's ears to him' and now he's eies to her :
 Which hath the happier time on't do you think ?
 He ; since her parlous tongue he cannot hear,
 Her noise 'tis thought deafst him ; howe'r it be,
 Happy is that loss that made them thus agree.

Epigrams.

13

On Lena.

L*ena* a virgin was so pure,
 So holy, sober, chaste, demure,
 So all o'r mild, as in good sooth
 Butter would hardly melt in mouth.
 But *Lena* married grew a scold
 Outragious, impudent, and bold ;
 And when her lustful fires went out,
 A *Bawd*, she threw the sparks about.
 Her early goodness did presage
 She would degenerate with age.
 The double blossom'd Apple-tree
 Never bears any fruit we see :
 And a forward promising Spring,
 Doth but a sterile Autumn bring.
 The Proverb thus she verifies,
 A young Saint an old Divil is.

Why Justice is painted blind.

WHo painted Justice blind did not declare
 What Magistrates should be, but what they are ;
 Not so much 'cause they rich and poor shud weigh
 In their just scales alike ; but because they
 Now blind with bribes are grown so weak of sight,
 They'l sooner *feel* a cause then *see* it right.

of

Epigrams.

Of Love-Sonnets.

WHY love so often theams each writers pen
 Is this: 'tis spreading Love o'comes all men:
 Which sicknes though most would hide fro their friends,
 Like Agues, yet 'twil work at th' fingers ends.

To Sir Gregorie Nonsense.

WHEN you to little purpose much do talk
 Repeating stil the same thing, and I baulk
 Your weaker argument to avoid delay;
 Angry you'd have me *hear you out, you say,*
 I have heard thee out too long, where you ha' bin
 Wide from the purpose, now lets hear thee in.

To Spend-fast a Gamster.

THE famous *Lers* of *Belestat* that flows
 And for four months doth ebb each hower, shows
 What tides thy wavering fortune bears, whilst you
 By play wax rich, and wain as often too.
 But *Spend-fast* this hath a full Sea to feed
 It's thirstie current when it stands in need:
 You han't an Ocean of wealth I think,
 When all your bags grow drie to make them drink.

To

Epigrams.

15

To the Ingenious Reader.

R *Eader* be wise ! and don't abuse the Poet !
 Say not his wit is old, stole ; or, I know it !
 If nought worth praise you here shal find or see,
 Be silent then. Hee'l do as much for thee.

On Sullen.

Sullen wil eat no meat but peevishly
 Replies I care not nor I will not, I :
 Troth I commend his abstinence, 'tis great,
 When having such a stomach hee'l not eat.

To Pistor.

When *Pistor's* bread is found too light, 'tis sent
 To the poor Prisoners for his punishment :
 I not approve't, 'tis Charity mistanc,
Pistor youar' stil an errant Knave in graine.

On a fruitful Merchants wife.

A Merchant newly married went to Sea ;
 Returning after three years voyage, he
 Found his wife busied midst her children two,
 And with a third as big as she could goe.

F

She

16 Epigrams.

She to prevent a storme said husband! you
By Sea, and I by land have *travail'd* too.

To a painted Whore.

AS rotten worms do breed in gilded books,
So thrives thy carkas under painted looks :
Who reads thy sou! shal find that too within
In every line and letter black with sin.

To Brisk.

BRisk when thour't drunk, then in thy own conceit,
Thour't Valiant, Wife, Great, Honest, Rich, Discreet.
Infus'd at once so many qualities ?
Oh Virtuous sack from whence all these arise !
Troth ! *Brisk* be alwaies drunk ! for wel I know
When you are sober you are nothing so.

To Jeffry the Kings dwarfe.

SMal Sir ! me thinks in your lesse self I see
Exprest the lesser worlds Epitomie.
You may write man, ith' *abstract* so you are,
Though printed in a smaller Character.
The pocket volume hath as much within't
As the broad Folio in a larger print,
And is more useful too. Though low you seem
Yet you'ar both great and high in mens esteem.

Epigrams.

17

Your soul's as large as others, so's your mind :
To greatness Virtue's not like strength confin'd.

To Overwise.

BEfore a *feast* is crackt he laughs and swears
Good before—— oh apprehensive ears !
That do like lightning thus prevent the stroke
And conceive thunder e'r the cloud is broke.

On Mounſieur Finedrefs.

SR. do but marke yon crisped Sir you meet !
How like a Pageant he doth stalk the street ?
See how his perfum'd head is *powderd* o'r !
Twu'd stink else, for it wanted *salt* before.

On Philautus.

PHilautus with himself is much in love,
Doth his own actions ever best approve ;
May his own picture he doth look upon,
(Cause 'tis like him,) with admiration ;
How wel may he be said and truly too
To court a shadow ? he himself is so.

Epigrams.

To Gripe.

Gripe to me all when he is dead wil give,
 Wil part with nothing whilst he is alive :
 What thanks is that to gape for dead mens shoos ?
 To give them only when you cannot chuse ?
 Give now ; 'tis left then 'gainst your wil I know :
 It is twice giv'n, what *living* we bestow.
 He leavs a good name who givs whilst he livs,
 And only carries with him what he givs.

On Lurch the match=contriver.

Lurch th' old match-maker with his hunting nose
 All the young Heirs both Male and Female knows.
 In town or Country, widows too, or men
 Once married, he can help to wed agen :
 Saves them the labour too of wooing, whilst
 He bids the bans, and sends them to the Priest
 For further copulation : thus doth *Lurch*
 Prey on each party that he brings to Church.
 But oh how oft this marriage-Pimp is curst !
 'Fore I'd grow rich *thus*, I'd be hanged first.

To the Reader.

Rader ! my Muse thinks not, as beggars do,
 Boldly with importunitie to wooc
 A farthing worth of praise, no : her desire
 Is only, *passing*, that you'd look on her.

Epigrams.

19

She proudly says on alms she scorns to live :
And as good as you bring she back wil give.

On Proud.

Proud swells like *Boreas*, with face red as fire,
And keeps a blustering stir in fuming ire,
So Rubies ; do resemble flames, and yet
Are neither hot or capable of heat,
Since ther's no fire can warm them: So art thou
As cold with inward fear, as hot in show.
It is but false fire thy seeming Passion givs ;
Then thine, there's not a tamer spirit livs.

To his dear friend H. N.

With what strange Philtum's thou didst charm the ^{(wine,}
Whose pow'rful influence made our souls combine
And melt into our loving cups ; or how
First thou didst win me to thee, I not know ;
Wast 'cause thou'rt pleasant thinkst thou ? with discreet
And harmless mirth setting an edge to wit ?
Or 'cause thou'rt liberal, courteous, and free,
The friend and Genius of the companie?
Was't for thy person, wealth, or valour I
So lov'd thee ? or was't only sympathie ?
Was't *this*, or altogether made me doate
Upon thee first ? no sure, nor this nor that:
I can no certain cause assign thee why,
But this, I love thee without *reason*, I.

Epigrams.

To Gripe and Holdclose.

G*Ripe* sais *Rags* cloaths are lousie, but *Holdclose*
 Sais they'r so poor, they are not worth a lounce :
 Though your phrase differ ; thus agree you may,
 Give him fresh cloaths, heel shift his lice away.

To Gallus.

What's in three bellies in one day, wu'dst know ?
 'Tis the new egge thou eatst, each morning to
 Thy breakfast : first 'twas in the hens, and then
 In thine, at night 'tis in thy hen's agen.

On Bib.

Bibs in a feaver alwaies, hot and drie,
 Yet I ne'r saw him sick : the reason why ?
 Lifes liquor sack he drinks, whose healthful sp'rit,
 Expels both sickness, death, and *fear* of it.
 Oh never dying juyce of th' pow'rful vine !
 Thou makst men like thy Immortal self, divine.

Of Loving Husbands.

WE observe each loving Husband when the wife
 Is labouring, by a strange reciproque strife

Doth

Epigrams.

21

Doth sympathizing sicken, and't may be :
In Law their one, and in Divinity.

On Luscus.

Luscus is never wel, but changing stil,
And though he loose by th' bargain change he wil :
No marle he's grown so poor, how shud he els ?
Too dear he buys *repentance* when he sels.

On Stut.

THE more *Stut* strives to speak, he stams the more;
But his cold tongue wel oyld, and hot with store
Of wine, he speaks not like an Oracle then,
But much, and loud, and plain as other men :
Such Eloquence hath pow'rful wine : but he
Drinks oft til he can neither speak nor see.
The Remedie here is worse then the disaese,
Better then *none*, a tongue imperfect is.

On the strange Death of Eschylus
a Poet.

ESchylus foretold by a diviner, he
By th' downfal of a house should ruind be :
Fondly that day to 'void this Destinie
Did keep the field, not yet resolv'd to die :

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Epigrams.

There, as he stood, a Faulcon in his beak
 Having a Tortoys which he meant to break,
 Suppos'd his bald pate, as he barehead stood,
 To be a stone, on which to get his food
 He let it fal : the Tortoys did remain
 By this chance safe, and *Eschylus* was slain.
 Oh the unalterd Persian Laws of fate !
 Whose fixt decrees none can anticipate !
Bald Poets hence prove mortal, whilst that crown
 (Whose radiant temples, laureat with renown ,
 And deckt with tresses like *Apollo's* brows)
 Is safe from Envies crack, or Deaths fel blows.

On Cob.

From th' College *Cob* sent to the Ins of Court
 Half codled, wu'd seem wise though he pay for't :
 A pretty study he hath fil'd with books ;
 Yet he in that or them but seldom looks.
 Not to him but his *heire Cob* learning buys :
 These are *Cobs* new *Fee simple* purchases.

On Cleopatra.

Rich *Cleopatra* striving to outvie
 In luxuries excels *Mark Anthoine* ,
 A Pearl in value worth three hundred crown
 Dissolv'd in vinegar first did swallow down
 At one proud draught ; and but prevented wu'd
 At the next draught have swallowed one as good.
 Oh monstrous stomach that could in one houre
 Consume an Empire, and a State devoure ?

Epigrams.

23

On an Inveighing Poetaster.

See where a snarling Scribler doth inveigh
 In toothless jeasts against my Poesie !
 The toothach sure torments his head and wit ;
 Which makes him show his teeth that cannot bite.
 Bees when they wound, disarm themselves : this Carl
 So breaks his teeth when he doth biting snarle.

The Dedication to Momus.

I To *Mæcenas* dedicate my book,
 Hee'l read it with no supercilious look ;
 To each Ingenious Reader I transmit
 The same, he best knows how to judge of it ;
 To th' simple that he may admire't, I give,
 Whom 'cause he understands not, I forgive ;
 To all my Poetizing friends I send it,
 But to you only (*Momus*) I commend it.

On Dul.

Dull readeth much, many a leaf turns o'r,
 Yet grows no wiser than he was before ;
 Can tel you many Authors names by roat,
 Which upon all occasions he wil quoad :
 Forgets the text, which he ne'r understood,
 Thus he eats much, but cann't digest his food.
 Be not too greedie *Dul* ! first learn to spel !
 Who rides too fast, at first, he rides not wel.

Epigrams.

On Accismus.

FOolish *Accismus* hath a qualitie
 To deny offer'd things in modestie :
 By chance one offer'd him an injurie,
 He took it : Bless me ! what a fool was he ?

On Tucca.

Tucca e'r while went to a Bawdy house,
 Where for his *entrance* he not paid a sou :
 Oh conscience *Tucca* ! 'las ! it is their trade ;
 I care not he replies, I'm sure I m paid.
 'Tis just ; who e'rs caught stealing in the act
 If he scape death, shu'd be burnt for the fact.

To Rash.

Rash swear not ! think not 'cause you swear that I
 Believe you ! no : he that wil swear will lie.

To Crispinus.

Crispinus 'cause you lately writ a play,
 And then didst put't in print the other day,
 You think your self to be a profest Poet,
 And where you come, believe, that all men know it :

By

Epigrams.

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By which smal work you now are grown so proud,
 That now you dare amidst the *Homers* croud ;
 And 'cause you have sipt a little, think you're free
 Oth' learned Arts, and of their companie :
 Intrude not yet *Crispinus* ! thou'rt not fit
 For th' Muses quire, thine is but suburb wit.

On Howdee.

WHen at the Court a fashions quite wore out,
 And come to *Longlane* walks the town about,
 Then doth my Ladies *Howdee* get into't,
 And thinks him gallant in this new old suite :
 No matter *Howdee*, thour't in fashion yet,
 For though a great way off, thou *follow'st* it.

To Brave.

WHer'er he comes, *Brave* like a Valiant Scot
 Freely discharges all, and paies the shot ;
 Else none wu'd care for's idle companie ;
 When th' reck'ning comes, then *Brave*, I'l send for thee.

On Venterwit.

HE scrapes up verses, shows them up and down,
 And where they are likt, he saies they are his own :
 If none commend them, then he swears he found
 Them by chance, walking in the Temple round.

He

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Epigrams.

He by chance met with some of mine, which he
 Had spoild with interlining ribauldrie :
 Who showing askt we how I like't the strein ?
 I told him 'twas a poor and empty vein :
 He wondring at my censure, boldly said
 They were the best lines that he ever made.
 Yes : so they were I told him 'fore the text
 Was by his comment thus perplext.
 Fool thou'rt discover'd ; therefore take advise !
 Spoil mine no more, or I'l proclaim thy lies !

On Braggadochio Cit.

Cit now he's rich doth boast his Pedigree
 How he's allied to this great familie
 And to'ther, whom as customers he knew ;
 Thus both his kinred and acquaintance grew.
 Peace Cit ! or I'l proclaim thy stock ; I know
 That no more arms (poor thou) then legs can't show.

On Wylde.

Wylde drinks to drown his sorrows, and't may be,
 The more he drinks, the more forgetful he.

On Childish love.

Children their mothers more than fathers love.
 The cause is plain : the fathers often prove
 Uncertain

Epigrams.

27

Uncertain and unknown, and so it is :
 For who can love what he nor knows, nor sees ?

On Mr Spendall.

I Asked *Spendall* why he spent so fast ?
 Why he his coin did so profusely wast ?
 Hee repli'd moneys were but crosses to him,
 And gold a gilded bait that would undo him :
 Why he sold all his land, I askt agen ?
 Hang't 'twas but durt, why should he keep it then ?
 To purchase Heav'n he wou'd sel that and moe,
 Where til he left his earth, he could not goe :
 Then, why he sold his bed ? troth hee did tell
 Mee, whilst he kept his bed, he ne'r was well :
 At last, I askt him why his clothes he sold ?
 All to his naked shirt ? he was, he told
 Me now about to bid to every friend
 And th'world good-night, and so hee made his end.
 Troth *Spendall*, I do like each smart reply,
 But not thy witty foolish povertie.

On Lawyer Say-much.

Saymuch by chance in's feet had got the gout,
 Yet pleaded stil ; there hee wou'd ne'r be out,
 But talkt apace, though his feet gouty bee,
 Yet hee may have a running tongue I see.

To

Epigrams.

To Medicus on Tucca.

When *Tucca*'s sick, then straight he sends for thee,
Look to his water ! hee'l give nothing, hee.

To Vetus an old Antiquary.

Vetus upon a Manuscript doth pore,
Tiring himself in reading Hist'ry o'r ;
What *Noah* eat before the floud, or how
Learning increas'd, is all his care to know :
Out of *Troys* ashes here he rakes a Storie,
Makes him admire its strength, & *Priams* glorie :
Tels you who *Athens* built, then talks of *Rome*,
How many Consuls she hath had, and whom ;
The oldest books and writings him best please,
As many love to feed on mouldie cheese :
Thus he remembers things forgot, doth know
All that is past, but knows not what is now.
'Troth now 'tis time to know thy selfe ; go die !
Converse with th'dead ! here's none can make reply.

On Fine.

Fine carries 'bout him strong perfumes to please
The Ladies sweeter comp'nie, nothing els.
Yet : his breath stunk before of 's old disease,
Hoping to hide which, now as strong he smells.

Epigrams.

29

On the Drunkards lavishness.

I' L tel you why the drunk so lavish are,
 They have too much, nay more then they can bear.

On Poetizing Momus.

Momus when any Poem he doth read,
 Though it deserve just praise, and doth exceed
 In wit and judgement ; yet he sighs it o'r,
 Saying hee has read as good as it before :
 Wil ne'r commend it ; and if any by
 Ask how he likes it ? then he makes reply,
 'Tis good, indifferent ; there's something in't,
 Or it may pass, but 'tis scarce worth the print.
 Thus though his wisdom can no fault espie,
 Yet he denies it praise, in policie :
 'Troth *Momus* if thou had'st, no better friend,
 None would thy verses read, much lesse commend.

On Linus.

Linus his Peruke's made of womens hair,
 Thus what was lost by women, they repair :
 But not long after *Linus* nose did drop ;
 'Las ! that was such a breach they could not stop.

On

Epigrams.

On Gallus.

TRoubled in conscience *Gallus* weds his whore,
 Hopes shee'l as honest prove as she was poore;
 What skills saies hee? 'tis but as 'twas before,
 I kept her then, and now I do no more:
 For better and for worse our wives we take,
 A Whore purchase an honest wife may make.

On Histrio.

THough *Histrio* on the stage doth often die,
 Thus put in mind of his mortalitie,
 Yet reclaims not, but lives licenciously,
 As if he were to act eternally.
 Believe me *Histrio* death at last wil come,
 Though for a while hee keeps the tyring room.

To a Tobaccoseller.

MEn buy thy smoak, but leave it all behind, (kind.
 Thou sellest nought, grow'st rich, 'cause fools are

To the Reader.

Reader! I am no *Epigramatist*,
 No carping *Memus*, or fel *Satyrist*:

Epigrams.

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I touch no man, but in the generall,
 And modest look, like equal day, on all ;
 I personate none ; if you then guilty bee
 'Tis your own fault t'apply it ; I am free.

To Bankes.

When *Spendall* asks to borrow, you reply,
 You know not when hee'l pay you; troth nor I.

To the Physicians.

OF all the severall *Professions*
 I best approve the wise *Physicians*,
 You can kill men, nor fear a Jury for't,
 And get experience by anothers hurt ;
 You can take fees, whether you cure or no,
 And large ones too ; few other trades do so:
 Your shop is alwaies ope in war or peace,
 All times alike conspire to your encrease ;
 Then y'have the opportunity you know
 To feel a Ladies tender pulse, or so :
 Thus you both purge the purse and body too,
 Are counted wise, 'cause fools makes use of you.

To Lupa.

YOU are a medler *Lupa*, rotten too,
 That's 'cause you are an open-arse you know.

Epitaph

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Epigrams.

Epitaph on Bibulus.

Here, who but once in's life did thirst, doth lie,
Perhaps the dust may make him once more drie.

On Histrio.

Histrio would needs go write a play of's own,
But could write nought but what's already known,
For hee like th'leaden cisterne held no more
Water, then what the Poet dropt before.

To Gut.

Gut eats and drinks, doth nothing els but swill,
His teeth do grind, his mouth's the water-mil.

To Simple.

Simple you know I gave you good advice ;
Little to say, that men might think you wise ;
If you'l proclaim your self a fool you may :
I onely tel you now what others say.

To Brisk.

Brisk is in love, yet saies a single life
Is best and freest from sorrow, care, or strife :
What e'r you think, beleeev't 'tis true you say,
Marry ! you'l find it so another day.

On

Epigrams.

33

On Nano being angry.

HOW *Nano* swells ? how big he looks and high ?
 What a large spleen he bears ? so hath the *fie*.

To my Reader.

WONDER not why I humbly do not write,
 Flatt'ring Encomium's to this Lord, that Knight !
 And each known friend, as hungry Poets use !
 Mine is a substantive unpension'd Muse ;
 Nor e'r was hir'd to write an Epigram
 In praise of this fool Lord, or that proud Dame.

*To one that asked me why I would write
 an English Epigram after
 B. Johnson.*

HOW ! dost thou ask me why my ventrous pen
 Durst write an English Ep'gram after Ben ?
 Oh ! after him is manners, though it would
 'Fore him, have writ, if how, it could have told.

On Galla.

GALLA *Hobgoblins* fears, she saies, at night,
 And Ghostly Sprights, yet nought can her affright
 When any man is with her ; shee's afraid
 More by the next daies light to be betrai'd.

To

Epigrams.

To Nab.

N*Ab!* thy small wits stil shrink i'th' wetting, why
 Then drinkst thou so? I'd have thee sow up, I
 Thy lips, but that thy tongue's the fiddle to
 The company, drink then! so that but go!

*Certain modest deprecations against my
 malevolent Detraكتور.*

May hee be proud, yet poor against his wil!
 May hee be forked, and yet jealous stil!
 May his wife beat him sober, when he's drunk!
 May his *Xanthippe* prove, what's worfe, a punk!
 May not the *King* reign in his purse a day!
 May he have ne'r a crosse when he shou'd pay!
 May no man mind him what he saies! and hec
 May he have neither friend or enemie!
 May no man read his lines! may none at least
 Commend, or laugh when ere he breaks a jeast!
 May he eat much, and yet stil hungry feed!
 May no man lend him, when he stands in need!
 May he be deep in love, and ne'r obtain!
 May all his hopes be frustrate, and in vain!
 May his horse in his haste of business tire!
 May he be envious stil, and yet admire!



Epigrams. *Lib.2.*

To the gentle Reader.

' **C** Aufe second thoughts are best, perhaps you'll look
 For higher *Gusto* in this second book :
 If so ; read on ! fine stomachs pleased are
 Better with second cates, though lighter fare.
 Sawce here perhaps you'll find unto your meat,
 I'll bring the *Tart*, if you'll but make it sweet.

To the Lady Phanton.

MAdam ! you wear a feather in your head,
 Your face is all Mosaick, coloured
 With shining unguents ; next your linnen's white,
 Your garments too are, as your carriage, light ;
 Your heel's are cork you walk on : I'll avow't,
 That *Madam* ! now y'are light from head to foot.

On Lying.

POets and Painters by authoritie
 As wel as Travellers we say may lie :
 Peripateticks lie, few know 'tis so ;
 Painters for lying have some colour too ;

But

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Epigrams.

But Bolder Poets when they falsifie,
They do't as neatly, they in *Print* do lie.

Epitaph on John Newter.

REader ! *John Newter* who erst plaid
The Jack on both sides, here is laid
Who like th'herb *John* Indifferent
Was nor for King or Parliament ;
Yet fast and loose he could not play
With death, he took him at a Bay ;
What side his soule hath taken now
God or Div'l ? we hardly know :
But this is certain, since he dy'd,
Hee hath been mist of neither side.

A Question about Law.

ONe ask'd why th'Law was now so much neglected !
Marry (said I) it never was respected,
But stil declin'd ee'r since the Judges ruffs
Were turn'd to little falling bands and cuffs.

To my Book-seller.

I'Ave common made my book ; 'tis very true ;
But I'd not have thee prostitute it, too ;
Nor show it barefac'd on the open stall
To tempt the buyer : nor poast it on each wall
And corner poast close underneath the Play
That must be acted at Black-Friers that day :

Nor

Epigrams.

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Nor see some Herring-cryer for a groat
 To voice it up and down, with tearing throat.
 Nor bid thy 'prentice read it and admire,
 That all i'th' shop may what he reads enquire.
 No: profer'd wares do smel: I'd have thee know
 Pride scorns to beg: Modestie fears to wooe.

On Mr Fanning the Engastrometh.

TO speak within, and to ones selfe, and yet
 Bee heard, is much, yet *Fanning* doth it:
 So tall and stout a man, 'tis strange to see't
 So like a coward should his words down eat
 The belly hath no ears they say; yet his
 Hath ears to hear, and tongue to talk, I wis.

*On the Invention of Printing
 and Guns.*

A Souldier found at first the way to Print,
 And 'twas a German Munk did Guns invent:
 Thus like arm'd *Pallas*, learning doth depend
 On arms, nor can they without this, defend.

To Megæra.

M^{*Egæra*}! since thy ugly face would fright
 The Div'l himselfe and all that look on it;
 Prithee why dost thou wear a looking-glasse?
 I cast a figure for that cause, she saies,

To

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Epigrams.

To fright him from me, and each lustful eie :
 Fear't not ! I'll warr'nt thee none shal tempt thee, I ;
 For he that should on thy face doat, I'd swear,
 Both blind, and mad, bewicht indeed he were.

On Plot.

Plot now he's married, and keeps house, I hear
 Is like his butter, mad but twice a year :
 In *Hymens* sheets good-fellowship may lie
 Thus bedred, and in time expiring die.

To VV.B. a smal Poet.

One distick well-made's worth two Poems ill ;
 Prithee contract then thine to disticks *Will*.

The Stonie Age.

'TOfore there was a Golden Age, next that
 A Silver one, but now 'tis Iron all ;
 To what I tro wilt next degenerate ?
 To stone I think in stead of Minerall.

To

Epigrams.

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To Captain Nym.

BEtimes thou findst me e'r I stir, and sai'st
 Thy mornings draught o'r night thou promis'd wast,
 But thou nor car'st so much for that or me,
 My breeches in the chair thou com'st to see;
 Thy plot prevented thus thou fliest hence,
 In hast to th' next friend with the like pretence,
 Whose pockets, you surprising, borrow there
 Without his leave a crown perhaps, for fear
 More mist, might be discover'd, for thy friend
 Shouldst thou but ask it, would not six pence lend:
 Thus each friends hinder Phob thy want supplies,
 Whence thou dost raise thy daily subsidies,
 And pick some crums of comfort; but alas!
Nym th'other night by *Festus* couzned was,
 With whom he needs would lie; for *Festus* did
 Not think his money safe though under's bed,
 But hid it in *Nym's* pocket: thought he, ne'r
 Wil, shifting *Nym*, look once for money there.
 Thus *Nym* protected, what he els had stole;
 Better to venter thus, then lose the whole.

To Mutus.

M*utus* where e'r he comes in companie
 Sits stil, observes, speaks not a word to any:
 Are you a spie or State-informer grown?
 Set to pick treason, when we are high flown,
 From out our harmless mirth > forgive me pray?
 I've wrong'd you *Mutus*, you can nothing say.

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Epigrams.

To Jealous.

J Jealous if any laughs is angry straight,
 Suspects they jeer at him ; oh foolish Wight !
 Because another smiling wries his nose
 Wilt thou betray thy selfe, and so expose
 Thee to more laughter ? though you guilty bee,
 Yet I dare say there's no man thought of thee.

On Taurus.

T Taurus told that his wife many lov'd ;
 Hee lov'd her better 'cause she was approv'd :
 I said they us'd her ; then he made reply,
 I care not so they use her wel, nor I.
 Oh wilful Cuckold ! who wil pittie thee,
 That when you're told, won't believe til you see ?

On Swill.

O N fasting-daies *Swill* eats and drinketh fast,
 Plaies fast, hopes thus the world wil alwaies last :
 Thus *Swil* doth fast, while the rule *Fast* and *Pray*,
 Hee onely changes into feast and play !

On Resolute Bat.

A S rough as bear-skins for behaviour,
 Abisket face as hard for favour,
 As blunt as back of knife, as dul
 As whetstone, or cram'd capon ful,

His

Epigrams.

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His talk as women backward flat,
 And though laught at, he's Resolute *Bat* ;
 Hee'l to the Club, and prate his share
 Or more, pay lesse than any there ;
 Oh what a pretty thing is it
 To be but bold though without wit ?

To Veta an old Shrew.

YOur husband musters old things quite forgotten ,
 As men eat Medlers when they are quite rotten :
 All th'rags of time he hangs up, he can see ;
 Keep out of 's sight ! or els he'l hang up thee !

To Big.

Big why hast got so smal a wife ? 'tis best
 Thou sai'st, of evils we should chuse the least ;
 Thou hop'st to overlay her, that's thy plot,
 Kil her and get another, Is it not ?

To Mæchus.

TO be most idle thou maist well be fed,
 Whilst lazily thou dost thy work abed.

On Captain Sharke

*S*harke's Creditor promis'd oft, at length did say,
 Hee now begun to fear hee ne'r wou'd pay :

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Epigrams.

You need not fear it Sir ! *Shørke* made replie,
I ne'r intended to repay it, I.

To Boldface.

Boldface I wonder at thy impudence,
That dar'st affirm things so against all sence :
For shame be n't impudent and foolish too !
And think all men are fooles 'cause you are so !

To Phydias a Painter.

I Phydias askt how he could paint a maid ?
Find mee but one ! I'l paint her then he said.

On Choeril.

Choeril because his wife is somewhat ill,
Uncertain in her health indifferent stil
Hee turns her out of doors without reply :
Wondring at which, I askt the reason why ?
In sickness and in health saies he, I'm bound
Onely to keep her, either weak or sound ;
But now shee's neither, he replies : you'l see,
Shee'l quickly now or mend or end, saies hee.

On Stupro.

Stupro on horseback saies hee'l ride no more,
'Tis 'cause hee hath been jaded much before :

Hee

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Hee may the *Trojan* Palfrey now bestride,
The living jades are *fiery hot*, to ride.

On Swillmore.

Swillmore grown dry with talking, drinks til hee
Was got so drunk he could nor speak nor see :
His windy words foxt him ; some drunk have bin,
As well by letting out as taking in.

On Brave.

Braves money melt's in's pocket, 't may be so
B'Twas warm before, but now 'twil colder grow.

On Pure.

His text no sooner nam'd, but *Pure* inveigh'd
'Gainst *Rome*, and run quite from't as one afraid :
A sudden rapture 'twas ; his text and hee
I fear wil ne'r again meet, or agree.

On Dull.

So many men, so many minds there be ;
Yet in dispute *Dull* wil not disagree,
But alwaies is on's neighbours mind, 'cause hee
Cannot tel how to contradict, I see.

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On Sir Sullen Haughtie.

WHen I thank *Haughtie* for his curtesie,
 He said he not expected it from me :
 Nor I from him that kindness, wherefore I
 Thankt him 'cause't came so unexpectedly.

To his worthy friend T.S. Esquire.

IF to be mild be Generositie ;
 To scorn to give or take an injurie ;
 If to be patient, and yet valiant too
 Be truly noble, then (Sir !) you are so :
 Virtu's the best Nobilitie is known,
 You're virtuous noble too, in this alone.

To Pantagus.

NOne can say ought, but you'll say something to't,
 There's nought another doth, but you can do't :
 You're cunning *Pantagus*, and singular,
 Good at all things, but no particular.

To Lautus.

*L*autus thy palate can be pleas'd with nought
 But the best cates far-fetcht, and dearest bought ;
 Sicilian Lampreys, and the Thuscan Boar,
 With witty dainties ne'r heard of before
Vitellius age, such as *Minerva's* shield,
 A dish made of *Scames* livers, and then fil'd

With

Epigrams.

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With milt of Sturgeon, and with brains of Railes,
 Pheasants and Peacocks, and Egyptian Quailes,
 With tongues of Nightingales, and those more rare
 And seld-seen Crimson birds, his usual fare :
 Mullers and *Celsey* Coggles, the *Severn* Trout,
 And what more daintie novels can be bought :
Botargo, Anchovois, Puffins too, to taste
 Thy Maronæan wines, at meals thou hast.
 Thus all thy lands thou eat'st and drinkest down,
 In thy fair Boggards buried lie, thus grown
 With dear-bought soil so rich, to dung the small
 Acre that's left unfold, and that is all.

On Prophane.

P*rophane* ne'r speaks of God, but in his oathes,
 Which he doth change more often than his cloathes :
 Nor thinks he on him when he vainly swears,
 Oh Atheist, that nor God, nor Devil fears.

On Bib.

Wisedome doth teach us silence, now *Bib* is
 With drink made speechless, is he not then wise ?

The effects of Brainfick's letters.

Your lines were all so sweet, and work't so wel,
 So purg'd me too, that I can hardly tel
 Whether they wrought on my affections more
 Or on my body, I drew thence such store
 Of precious Elixer, and so much
 Compounded Cates, whose qualitic was such,

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Epigrams.

That where my Physick promis'd me but seven,
 By virtue of your lines I had eleven.
 But yet I'll tel you ; troth 'twas een forgot
 It purg'd and scar'd and wipt off you know what ;
 It griev'd mee your fair hand should undergo
 So foul an office as to wipe it too ;
 But rather then your hand or paper bee
 Stain'd with this act, let the guilt lie on mee.
 I did it 'cause I know that you could write
 Such lines again as fast as I could——
 Write to me oftner pray ! so I may save
 Physicians fees, and may bum-fodder have.

On Mr Ap-Taffie Shentilman of Wales.

THE way to make proud *Taffie* down on's knees
 Is tel him that the Moon's made of green cheese ;
 Hee then in Heav'n would bee, and wil desire
 Nought but to tost his bobbie by her fire.

To an Irish-man.

WHEN I do sneeze, God blesse you, you do say,
 Why not the same when I do fart, I pray ?
 Are not both sudden ruptures that do make
 As with an earthquake the whole body shake ?
 To break before, at Irish, you do find
 To be less dang'rous then to break behind ;
 Besides, this brings a good report you see,
 Why is not this as welcome then to thee ?
 When I break forward, you (Christ help you) say,
 But when I backwards break, you backwards pray.
 Pardon me Sir ! 'tis my infirmitie,
 'Tis the windcholick that thus troubles me.

Epigrams.

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To Spruce.

Spruce wears a comb about him, alwaies he
 To prune and smooth his polisht haire :
 The Cock's ne'r too without his comb you see,
Spruce 'tis a *Coxcomb* then you weare.

To Formall.

When Formal knows not what to say, then hee
 Oh Lord, Sir ! cries with much tautologie :
 Now the Lord help thee *Formal*, 'twas wel meant,
 Though you but spoke of him in compliment.

On Swift.

Swift though h'has bin but once 'mongst Gentlemen,
 And hath learnt what their Christen names are, then
 He speaks to them in such familiar phrase,
 As if th'had long acquainted been, and saies,
 If any speak of them, he knows 'um wel,
 And calls them *Jack*, *Dick*, or the like, wil tel
 You when, and where he saw them last, and how
 Their intimate acquaintance first did grow.
Swift thy too much familiaritie
 May breed contempt. Believ't they know not thee.

The Wisdome of this age.

The Wise-men were but seven : now we scarce know
 So many fools, the world so wise doth grow.

Epigrams.

On Priscus.

PRiscus doth poetize now he's in love;
 Strange each blind Lover should a Poet prove !
 He is inspired sure, how els could he
 Be such a Chymist in Loves Poetrie ?
 He courts his Mistris out of *Ovids* art
 Has th' *Amadis* and *Spencer* all by heart,
 Whence he extracts his sonnets, and his rime,
 And speaks them, dreaming, in and out of time.
 Such sudden raptures seldome constant be,
 His love is blind, and so's his Poetrie.

On Proud.

PRoud quarrels in his cups, and then wil fight,
 Is beaten sober, 'troth he is served right.

On Doctor Emperick.

*W*ise *Emperick* can all diseases cure,
 His Physick though't be strong it worketh sure :
 A litle *mors in ollâ* which expels
 Disease and life together, nothing els.
 Happy thy patient, you dispatch him quick ;
 Your mighty art won't let him long be sick.

On Bib.

*T*O quench his sorrows *Bib* drinks very free,
 Sorrow is drie, he saies, and so is hee.

Epigrams.

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On Nokes.

One askt why *Nokes* discoursing shakt his head ?
 A Rattle-head 'twas 'cause he was, I sed :
 Therefore he shakt his empty sconce, to find
 Whether within with any braines 'twere lin'd :

To his friend and Companion
 M^r H.N.

W^hat's all the younger sons inheritance,
 A small estate, which cannot much advance :
Virgil may talk of Bees, and dunging land,
 But 'tis the *Heir* that has them in his hand :
 To him th'indulgent father all doth give,
 While they alas have nought wherewith to live
 But what Dame Nature, like a careful mother,
 Laid up, and said 'twas for a younger brother.
 A store of Wit heav'n knowes 'tis all she gave,
 And yet you're rich enough, while this you have.
 A *Fico* for thy brothers lands ! thou'ast more
 In Mount *Parnassus*, than is all his store :
 There with *Apollo* thou maist sit and dine
 With heav'nly *Nectar*, sup with th' *Muses* nine ;
 The lustie Gods and Goddesses wil be
 With all the *Graces* there in companie :
 There we have fields to walk in ; oh what fine
 Mirth there is in good company and wine !
 Lastly to make you fully happy, *Bettie* ;
 Will meet i'th' *arbour* ; oh shee's wondrous prettie !
 Now tel me friend, is not this better sport,
 Than to have money, and no pleasure for't ?

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Epigrams.

To Levinus.

I Have lent *Sbarke* monies, which *Levinus*, you
 Perswade me, long put off, he'l pay me now :
 When tro ? at the Greek Calends ? when the Fleet
 Wants guests ? when he and I ; two Sundaies meet ?
 If he solve he, deceives me, if not, he
 Cozens me worse ; stil I deceiv'd must be
 Whither he pay or not : I'ad rather tho
 Be thus deceiv'd then cozend : tel him so !

On Vulpe.

AS Ravens 'bout the breathless Carkass flie,
 So swarm *Vulpe's* friends, now he but seems to die •
 Each greedy angler hook and line doth lay,
 Baited with gifts to catch this *Aurata*
 Which swallows both, escapes, takes all they give,
 Thus old get heirs each day, and stil doth live :
Vulpe preys o'th, living, he most *Vulter* is ;
 These *Harpies* hope for prey, but when *Vulpe* dies,

Blessed Ignorance.

H E E is most happy sure that knoweth nought,
 Because he knows not that he knoweth not.

To a poore Begger.

I F thou hadst said th'hadst had no money, I
 Would then have thee believed, but now you lie,
 'Cause

Epigrams.

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'Cause you do say you want it, for 'tis mad
To say one wants that which he never had :
A word wel plac't may serve one at a need,
Learn to beg right, or you may want indeed.

On Thais her Bastard.

THais the mother, but the father who ?
Thais her self nor any else doth know :
Can th' son oth' people want a father ? when
For parents he can claime so many men ?

On Gamster.

PLay fair and swear not ? burn the tables ! I
Wil neither th' one nor th' other by this die :
Gamester I'l now believe thee valiant too,
'Cause you'l not swear less then you mean to do.

Epitaph on the Preaching Cobler How.

TRanslated here lies Cobler *How*,
Who, when he liv'd could rip and sow,
Divide and stitch a text together
Just as he us'd to spoil his leather.
Or rather here he's underlaid,
Who oft o'rlay two chairs and praid,
That his inspired tongue might mend
More souls then e'r his Coblers end
Or hands could cure : he often said
Walk ye uprightly in your trade !
And when your soles do tread awry
Bring them to me I pray ! and I

Will

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Epigrams.

Wil set them streight : be mending stil
 As I am ! 'Tis Gods heav'nly wil.
 Many were wrought on thus, but th' time was past,
 And so he finisht when death brought his last.
 Cobler thou hast set up enow
 That *since* can prate like Cobling *How*.

On Sir John Lackland.

Jack Lackland bringing gracious news to Court,
 The King was hap'ly pleas'd to Knight him for't :
 He proud of's honour writes to all his friends,
 And with—Yours Sir *John Lackland*—Knight—he ends.
 'Tis fit he shud, for wer't nor under's hand
 None would believe him Knight, that had no land.

On Cosmo.

Cosmo in's new and holiday array,
 Then to be sure he walks abroad that day ;
 Goes to a play, wil stand i'th' pit, and talk,
 Whiffe smoak, or to be markt, out often walk.
 'Tis pitty *Cosmo* wears no oftner new,
 For then he oftner would appear in view.

On Lowfi-Patch.

Who saies *Patch* lowfie vestments weareth, when
 They are so threadbare that no vermin can
 Upon them stick ? Yes : though that they be thin
 His loving lice stick closer to his skin.

On

Epigrams.

On Light.

Light steals a jeaft, and then to mak't his own
 He walks from one to th' other, up and down ;
 By oft repeating thus he prostrates it;
 Light hath a common, though a running wit.

On a fire in a Town.

ONe night through all the streets the men did crie
 Fire fire ! at which I wak't and wondred by ;
 Not that drie wood should burn, but because all
 Did crie *fire*, when they should for water call.

Epitaph on Hocas Pocas.

Here *Hocas* lies with his tricks and his knocks,
 Whom Death hath made sure as his Juglers box :
 Who many hath cozen'd by his Leiger demein,
 Is preſto convey'd and here underlain :
 Thus *Hocas* he's here, and here he is not,
 While death plaid the *Hocas*, and brought him toth' pot.

To one that talked finely.

How prettily it talks as you would ſay
 His ſpeech did wear her holiday array?
 With fine ſpun language dreſt is his diſcourſe,
 It talks in print where not a word of courſe

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Epigrams.

Drops from his tongue, but all so finely wove
 So smooth so soft as you would swear he strove
 To outdo the silkworm, whilst each word he saies
 Was studied for before, for th' better grace.
 Speak like a man ! stil to be neatly drest
 Is womanish : your homespun cloath is best,
 Because 'twil longer last and finer wear,
 Labour'd invention holds not out the year.

To Cosmo on his fair scolding wife.

Smoak makes one fair, yet saies the Proverb, where
 It alwaies smoaks, 'tis a foul sign that there
 A dangerous Scold doth dwel, whose fiery tongue
 Outdo's the fire and draws the smoak along.
 The troubled house. *Cosmo* th' hast light upon
 A fair scold to thy wife, the Question
 Whither her tongue, that charm'd these clouds to rise,
 Or the smoak, cause so many crying cies.

On Silly.

Silly observes the company and hears
 How each man throws about his jeasts and jeers,
 Lest any spie him he about him looks
 And forth his pocket steals his table-books.
 To glean those crums which wise men throw away,
 With which he feasts himself another day.
 Silly by chance did loose his Diarie
 Of wit, which he had got o' th' companie :
 No mar! he now so mute and pensive sits,
 How can he chuse, since he hath lost his wits ?

Epigrams.

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To Momus.

BEcause I no *Mæcenæ*s get
 To patronize my verse as yet
 Nor wooing e'r bespok my friend
 To swear them witty or wel pen'd ;
Momus dares say they'ar poor, not worth
 The owning, silly, and so forth :
 Ingenious Readers are my Judges here,
 But *Momus* you are none of those I fear.

On Bib.

A Drunken man can catch no harme they say,
 How then came drunken *Bib* so *port* I pray !
 He was not drunk enough when that he caught,
 He could not so have done or suffer'd ought.

To Moore.

A Pockhold-lean-swarth-face with ugly hair
 And yet be trim'd each morn to make thee fair ?
 If 'bout that face thoult keep so much ado,
 Get thee a Barbar, a Facemender too ?

*To Madam Cr. wearing a lookinglass
 at her Girdle.*

MAdam ! you look so often on your glass,
 I fear you doubt whither or no your face

Be

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Epigrams.

Be stil your own, or the same yesterday
 It was : for colours change or fade away.
 Then view no more thy own fair Physnomie !
 Because I'd have thee look the more on me.

On Squire Huffle.

Squire *Huffle* had got a vap'ring trick to talk
 High ranting words, then 'bout the room to walk
 Like bold *Andrea* acting on the stage
 Often in speech would personate his rage :
 Sometimes he grew Satyrick and would strein
 To jeer each man in King *Cambyses* vein.
 Blunt being toucht grew angry, made reply
 Though I cann't prate yet you shal find that I
 Can fight, and beat him soundly : 'tis the way
 Thus to cure madmen, as I have heard say.

On Philip Soupe and Jone his wife.

LO I the tragick story sing o'th' life
 And death of *Philip Soupe* and *Jone* his wife ;
 A friendly pair of Turtles that did love
 Goodfellowship and lusty ale above
 All earthly good : for why ? they oft wu'd say
 'Tis high and mighty *Ale* doth griefs allay,
 And when 'tis nappy and spirituall,
 Ale is both meat and drink, and cloath, and all,
 For all's included in this sentence Ale :
 Lets drink it then they cryd, or new or stale.
 It hap't these two once wanting companie
 Which made them sad, and sadness made them drie,
 Set foot to foot, and tryd the masterie,
 Each lookt to th' to'ther too with narrow cie,

Phil.

Epigrams.

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Phil drunk to *Iug*, and *Iug* cryd *Phil* again
 Til none could stand or speak one sentence plain,
 Fild up toth' throat when both could drink no more
 And th' rest o'th' drink left running 'bout the floor,
 Cause neither could the spicket wield aright,
 Resolving as 'twas time to sleep that night,
 They shok their cloaths off both at last, and so
 Stumbled into their beds with much ado :
 But oh the sad disasters that befel them
 At this encounter ! You anon shal smel them :
 For when *Iug* rows'd to bus her *Philip*, she
 Her stomach being o'r-charg'd did rain a sea
 Of pow'rful Ale in poor *Phil*'s face and breast,
 Whose gaping mouth, and stomach thus oppress'd
 With the receipt of his wives spew'd-up liquor
 Grew sick, no vomit could have made him sicker,
 He turn'd and groan'd as if he were to die,
 Then straightwaies fac't about, and furiously
 Reverst, he charg'd her body with his rear
 On her right flank all-to-bedighting her,
 Then he drew up and spew'd, then charg'd agen
 Til he had routed all her bodie, then
 After a Parley sounded, *Iug* did say
 Thou'rt pestlence hot, draw off now, *Philip*, pray :
 The place soon grew too hot indeed for them,
 For the foul Stygian lake did never steam
 With such gross vapours as did thence arise,
 Ready to choak them both in woful wise.
 At last *Phil* reacht for th' Iordan where he might
 Convert his Ale to Lees, but missing it
 He fel a ground : the like did *Iug* bety'd
 Who reaching for the drink o'th' other side
 Fel down with th' chamberpot upon her head,
 Beside themselves, and both beside the bed ;
 Nak'd and asleep i'th' morning both were found
 In pickle prostrate on the spawled ground :
 Sad chance ! this loving couple never were
 Known until now to *fal out* any where :

Oh

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Epigrams.

Oh curfed Ale could thus part man and wife !
 'Twas in their cups, let that excuse the strife.

On Poet Cordus a Rimer.

WHEN Poet *Cordus* writes, he oftentimes
 Doth wiew draw his matter to his rimes,
 Provide but reason, rime wil flow ; but he
 Harps more upon the words, then sence, I see.

On Fusk.

WHY should *Fusk* of his wife so jealous be
 Unless his own sins taught him jealousy ?
 (For we are often more suspicious far
 Of that wherein our selves most guilty are :)
 Some rather think *Fusk* insufficient,
 And 'cause he cannot give his wife content
 Therefore he fears she seeks abroad, for why
 Women they wil be satisfi'd, or cry :
 Some say he thinks she's wiser far then he,
 And so turns Envie into jealousy :
 Stil the fault lies in him not her, you see,
 While *Fusk* grows lean with triple jealousy.

To an old deformed Woman.

THOU art a Remedie for love, for he
 That thee beholds, in love shal never be.

Epigrams.

59

To Cit.

I Wonder *Cit* thou art so confident
 Sure I ne'r gave thee such encouragement,
 I never borrowed of thee, nor was I
 Ever once drunk in thy base companie,
 Nor did you e'r pimp for me, or bid me come
 To dinner with your friendly wife at home,
 You ne'r yet offer'd to be bound for me
 Nor canst claim kinred by affinitie :
 How dare you then be so familiar
 With me ? what ! do you think because you are
 Free of the City, and in time may be
 The grave *Cinquater* of your Companie
 Or 'cause sometimes you walk in scarlet gowne,
 Reverenc'd by boys and watermen oth' town,
 Or 'cause your sattin doublet's girt with gold,
 I'm therefore bound to you ? are you thus bold
 Because you are grown rich by wicked gain ?
 To your shop Squundrel ! and your wares again !
 And converse there with thy Apprentices.
 If thou'lt oblige me with true curtesies
 And lend gentilely, then perhaps I'll own
 Thee for a friend, else thou'rt a *Cit* : be gone.

To Plagiarie.

FEloniously thou stealst anothers wit,
 'Cause sure thou art to have thy book for it :
 Thou art no learned thief yet, for although
 Thou readest wel thou canst not write wel too.

Epigrams.

To Lysippus a Barber.

L*ysippus* ! some mistake, have said that you
 Are a Barbarian, but I think a Jew,
 You circumsise so much, and for your ends
 So smoothly stroak the faces of your friends,
 Making young novices of all that you
 Can circumvent : thus you are a Barbarous Jew.

To a corrupt Judge.

Why thou so dear dost law and Justice sel,
 Dost hear and take on either side so wel,
 I wonder not : the Court *Scianus* made
 Thee buy thy place so dear as some have said ;
 Great reason then that who so dear doth buy,
 Should th' ptice enhance when he doth sel, as high.

Lydia encountered.

F*rancis* and *Lydia* in a jeasting way
 Each other strove to jeer ; he won the day
 At last, and silenc'd her ; at which she grew
 So vext, that in her passion she flew
 Upon young *Francis*, and 'twixt rage and fear
 Saluted him with a fair box o'th' ear,
 He threw her down o'th' bed, and kist her 'til
 She cri'd agen, for madness 'gainst her wil :
 Oh sweet revenge ! who would not thus fall out
 If he might have but such a kissing bout ?
 Kifs and be friends was the old way you know
 Of reconciling, so it seems 'twas now.

Epigrams.

61

On Gaming.

SOME play for gain, to pass time others play
 For nothing, both do play the Fool I say:
 Nor time or coin I'll lose or idly spend;
 Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.

On Brag.

BRAG his right glove draws often off and on,
 To show his wounds on each occasion:
 Tel not for shame, Brag, where thou gotst those scars;
 A tavern broil did mark thee, not the wars.

To Cosmo.

READING my verses *Cosmo* wonders why
 They swel not with Poetique Historie,
 Why I not use their pretty fables, whence
 I may suck matter to enlarge my sence?
 As now to speak of *Danae's* golden show'r,
 Then of *Narcissus* turn'd into a flow'r,
Ixions wheel, or *Sisyphus* his stone,
 Or how the Moon kiss'd lov'd *Endymion*;
 Then to display *Medusa's* snakie locks,
 Or talk of wise *Pandora* and her box,
 Or him that wisht that all he toucht were gold,
 And how this granted all his meat resolv'd
 At the first touch to gilded baits, and he
 Not able to digest them, forc't to die:
 Then of slain *Pelops* Ivory shoulder, how
Io by *Jove* was turn'd into a cow:

Of

62

Epigrams.

Of th' *Minotaur's* born of *Pasiphe*
 And of *Leucothea* turn'd into a tree
 Of frankincense : or of *Tiresias*
 Who sometimes man and sometimes woman was :
 Then of *Minerva* born of *Jupiters* brain
 Or by his wife how *Hercules* was slain
 With *Nessus* poison'd shirt : or of the maid
 Turn'd to a spider, how she first was said
 To invent spinning : these he did conclude
 With many more you may oftentimes allude
 Unto your purpose, where each fiction
 By allegoricall allusion
 Becomes your own, and thereby also you
 Are both Historian and Poet too.
 Troth I wil tel thee why I did omit
 Such fabulous phansies, first because I writ
 Not only to be read but understood ;
 And next 'cause *lies*, down not with all, for food.
 The finest web is by the spider spun ;
 He's poor that borrows his invention.

On Mounſieur Congee.

A Proper handsome courtly man indeed,
 And wel ſet out with cloaths, can for a need
 Diſcourſe with legs, and quarter congies, and
 Talk half an howr with help of foot and hand.
 But when I vied this Mounſieur clean throughout
 I found that he was only man without.

On Gripe.

Gripe to himſelf talks of the ſums he lent
 And of the debts he owes, but to prevent

Others

Epigrams.

63

Others from borrowing more; away you lew
 Dost think I'd ask of such a knave as you?
 Besides if I of thee to day should borrow,
 I know th' whole town should hear of it to morrow.

To Harsh.

Musick that once could move each rock and tree
 Not a whit moves thee *Harsh*, or pleaseth thee;
 Thy inharmonious soul how wilt thou bring
 To Heav'n, where Angels nothing else but sing?
 A Hellish sure and untun'd soul hath he
 That is not rapt with musicks extasie:
 Knowst not what evil spirits it expels?
 It cur'd afflicted *Saul*, and nothing else:
 It doth inspire the soul and heighten it;
 Tho' hadst better lose thy ears than once be bit
 By a *Tarantula* whose deadly wound
 Is only healed by soft musicks sound.

To Cupid.
His Armes blazoned.

Luna he bears, in a cross *Saturn* plain
 A flaming heart transfix'd *Sol*; thus slain
 In the wounds orifice it bleeds *Mars*, from whence
 Bloudie drops flow, and under the pretence
 For Motto this inscribed more is,
Sanat Amor vulnus amoris.
 Thy Arms do speak thee Noble, Cruel too,
 Else thou wouldst ne'r so many hearts undo:

H

How

64

Epigrams.

How much thou dost degenerate I find,
For thy fair Goddesse Mother was more kind.

On proud Mrs. Minx.

Pride takes no cold, yet Pride oft takes a fal;
Both which are true in this our finical
Proud Mrs. *Minx* fair Madams waiting maid;
For though she went like her spruce Dame arraid
In her cast gowns, bare, all the neck and breast
Down to the shoulders, and sometimes the rest;
Yet took no cold, pride and lust kept her warm
Though she went stript up above half the arm.
Yet did the pride of this She-goat at last
Catch a shrewd fal, for by a stumbling cast
I'th' Lobby room her heels flew 'bove her head
And so she broke her elboe 'gainst the bed.
Yet though she fel her belly rise: what else?
Pride naturally when 'tis at lowest swels.

On three Knights without spurs.

Sir *Iohn* in's spurs no rowels had, because
There was no need, his horse twice roweld was:
Sir *George* but one spur wore, for if one side
Will go, to'ther wil follow he reply'd:
I askt Sir *Lancelot* why no spurs he wore?
Because saies he, a free horse needs no spur.
If spurs shew Knights and Horsemen; then I fear
'Mongst them was neither Knight or Chivalier.

Epigrams.

65

*On Copernicus his opinion who thought
the earth went round.*

IN vain did *Drake* with pains the Earth sail round,
Here's one could do it easier on the ground.

On Doctour Love-Self.

LOve-Self when th' Plague in *London* reigned sore,
Grown rich himself shuts up and wu'd no more
When most his help was wanted : it seems then
Hee'd not his patients keep as married men
Must keep their wives in Sicknes and in Health,
Such is the fearful cowardize of wealth.
Though thou with th' Plague would'st nothing ha' to do,
A Plaguy cunning Doctour yet wer't thou.

To my smal friend with a great beard.

THy face and self are smal, but large thy beard :
Lop't off ! thy wood wil hide thee I'm afferd.

To Ignorant Zoile.

Zoile I am told you pish and pough, when e'r
You any do my lines commending hear :

66

Epigrams.

Pish on ! 'cause you stil in the wrong place pish,
Asperging most the best, as I could wish.

To the Reader.

IT is enough : but if you think too much,
Then *Reader* ! say you saw me not ! for such
As I for writing what is bad, will you
By others be for reading counted too.

SATYRS



S A T Y R S.

S A T Y R I.

The Argument.

*Several phantastick Humors here
Of Sea-sick minds described are,
wedded to spend their time in vain :
whence th' Authour woos them to refrain.*

OH men ! oh manners ! what a medly's this
When each mans mind more than face diff'rent is?
For by forms only we distinguish be
One from another : but ! alas ! to see !
We varie from our selves each day in mind,
Nor know we in our selvs our selvs to find.
Sure had *Erasmus* liv'd til now, he wu'd
Without an *Oedipus* ne'r have understood
The riddles of this dark phantastick age,
Where each Ape alters with the scæne the stage.
Had I thy razour *Actius* to dissect
These Gordian knotty humours men affect,
I'd sharp my pen, and after steep it all
In wormwood vinegar and Stygian gal.
Lend me thy whip *Alecto* ! that I may
Scourge the prepost'rous times, as Boys at play
Do whip their eggshells ! yet don't I wel know
Whether my anger they deserve or no,
But rather pittie ; whether rather I
Should with scorn laugh at them, or for them crie.
Ev'n *Heraclitus* spleen would tickled be
To view Welch bobbie and Garlick eat, or see

Satyrs.

A French grenovillio fricas with young mice
 And mushrooms mixt, or the low-dutch device
 Of roasted sprats and Herrings, or th' Irish
 Tough bonyclabber, or that German dish
 Of pickled snails and tender Grasshoppers,
 Or the Jews Locusts with their Elder ears,
 As much as see an Assie eat thistles ; who
 Would not admire that every Country so
 Should vary phansies, and thus strangely affect
 A novell diet with their Dialect ?
 But stomachs like our minds are sickly too,
 Both are best pleas'd with quelquechoses vain so new.
 So have I seen a travailld Squire discourse
 On several sawces, spin out second course
 With a picktooth in's mouth, and chafindish
 To stew his raw roast fowl and codled fish,
 Til we had lost our stomachs, and new got :
 Learn'd in the art of eating was he not ?
 Yet this at home most galls my patience
 To see so humorous a difference
 Of more phantastick giddy minds that draw
 Like Mules and Oxen each another way.
 Here's one writes more than some good Scholars read,
 And quots more Authours than Pryz ever did,
 Or in the whole world necessary be ;
 Whilst in one Tome a Vatican thus he
 Erects ; so have I seen a Pamphleter
 That rails 'gainst Bishops, make his margin far
 Exceed his senceless Thesis, whilst he swells
 His leaf with texts of Scripture little else,
 And those false cited or as heterogene
 And wide from's purpose as is Po from Seine.
 Such swarmes of scribled Rapsodies begot
 Ragmen to enrich, Typographers, and not
 The Understanding ; since they more distract
 Each weakned judgement, wu'd they were by Act
 Condemn'd to flames ! Learning is more profound
 When in few solid Authours 't may be found.

Satyrs.

A few good books digested wel do feed
 The mind, much cloyes or doth ill humours breed.
Seempol sets down in his *Ephemeris*
 The trifles of each how'rs vain exercise,
 Toys that should be *Ephemera* indeed
 Dying the same day they were born and bred.
 Things of so smal concern or moment, who
 Would stuffe his Diarie with, or care to know ?
 As what he wore, thought, laugh't at, where he walkt,
 When farted, where he pist, with whom he talkt.
Memento's more ridiculous than those
 The City Chronicler made at Lord Mayors shows ;
 As who his Hinchboys were, who way'd the sword,
 Who brought the Custard to his *Honours* boord,
 What year a Lyon whelpt i'th' Tower dy'd,
 Pepper or corn was dear, whose child bestride
 Each gilt Colossus Pageant in Cheapside,
 Or in what year *Bartholomie* Fair forbid.
 (Whereas Historians only things of weight,
 Results of Persons or affairs of State,
 Briefely with truth, and cleernes should relate)
Laconick shortness memorie feeds. I hate
 A long spun story of one drawn toth' stake
 Would reach from *Newgate* to *Smithfield*, and make
 The martyr'd reader sweat as much or more
 Than *Latimer* i'th' flames, with a bald score
 Of phars'd (*Quoth he's*) in every page at least,
 As without them 'twere not to be exprest.
 But *Dulman* barren of invention, wears
 His time and books in reading only. Here's
 Squire *Topas* spends his daies in killing flies,
 And like *Domitian* such a drone he dies.
 Rare was th' Italians Art, who writ so smal
 Three pence hid *Pater Noster*, *Creed* and all ;
 And made our *Charls* but half way drawn to shine
 With most Majestick Holyness when each line
 Of th' admir'd purtrait breath'd such heav'nly flames,
 That the smal piece spoke all the Reading Psalms,

4

Satyrs.

Without a magnifying glafs what eie
 Could yet difcern the letter'd Phynomie ?
 Oh moft laborious loffe of time ! So rare
Callicrates his Ivorie Emmets were,
 With's Elegiack verſes writ ſo ſmal
 That a Hart cherrystone contein'd them all ;
 As *Homers Iliads* in a nutſhel were ;
 Th' whole world deſcrib'd in a young Orenge ſphere.
Archytas wooden dove *Agellins* nam'd, * *Bartas* les
 Or that ſame wooden Eagle * *Bartas* fam'd, jour. 1.
 Or th' Iron flie his *Saluſt* mentions, ſemaine.
Regiomontanus his Inventions :
Ælians rig'd ſhip or his *τέθριππα* made
 So little that they each might be convey'd
 Under a Bees ſmal wing unſeen, what are
 They all but witty trifles ? ſans compare
 Induſtrious follies ? who would looſe ſo much
 Dear precious time to be accounted ſuch
 A precious indefatigable Aſſe ?
Pantagons art ſure no leſſe ſubtile was
 Who muzzled fleas and gold chains made to lead
 Them captiv'd in. But oh my ſides and head
 Would ake with laughter, ſhould I muſter all
 Such vain *Syſſiphan* toils. Yet muſt I cal
 To mind *Belanch*, who as ill ſpent his time
 I'th' myſterie of mouſtraps and birdlime.
 Theſe fond *κατατοπικία* labours were
 By *Alexander* witt'ly ſcoffed, where
 To one who on a needles point each time
 Could throw a pea, he gave a peck of them.
 Our time was lent us to be employd in high
 And nobler Projects, not thus fruitleſſie.
 Yet better tis thus to miſpend it ſtil,
 Than nought to do, or what is worſer, il.
 Wel then !——
 Since each mans humour is his minds delight,
 Let him perſu't ! mine is to laugh at it.



SATYR 2.

The Argument.

*A Female Synod is conven'd
Of holy Sisters that pretend
To Sanctitie in dress and show,
But are discover'd nothing so.*

HEl and damnation ! what Imposture's this ?
A She white linnen Saint without, yet is
Incarnate Devil : i't not that same Fiend
Was found besieg'd by her Apostle friend
In *Antlin's* porch the other morn ? before
The Sexton rose they 'ad knocking forc't the door,
Had not the grave disturber of dead bones
And bells, there stumbled o'r them both at once.
Out you unhallow'd whore ! is this the way
To enter heav'n at thy streight gate I pray ?
D'you sanctifie your Cuckold dormant ? must
Your mother Church be bawd to goatish lust ?
Yet goes she in and sitting prays and hears
With as observing eies, attentive ears
The Lecture, as the holiest Matron there :
As though her cleanstarcht handkerchieve was ne'r
With close embraces rump'd. Oh what front
Of impudence that sex can put upon't !
As flic'd suck in nothing that day but grace,
Mark how she eies the Preacher in the face !
Able to stare suspicion thence ! as I
Have seen hoarse ranting *Gape* with stedfast eie,
Boldly out-face a petty *Iurie*, when
The ludge was after dinner sleeping. Then

H 5

She

6

Satyrs.

She having glean'd in her spruce table book
 Such crums of comfort as the *Caiaphas* took
 First upon trust, with the next Sisterhood
 'Mongst marrow bones and other lustie food,
 She scatters them for breakfast, where must be
 The moyling Priest (for 'tis not fit that he
 Should spend his lungs, oyl, labour too in vain :)
 Great pleasures justly do attend great pain.
 Their bellies fill'd like windstufte bagpipes, so
 Their squeaking Organs must be going too :
 Such strange disputes here controverted be
 Would puzzle a Scotch-lay-Presbyterie.
 Whether that *Bigamie* been't as lawful now
 As 'twas 'tofore ? Speak Sister *Ruth* ! we know
 You have two husbands now, besides that one
 Who next stands fairly in election.
 Truly and verily, I professe you may,
 How should the Church be built up else, I pray ?
 Her doctrine *Hannah* did approve, and doubt
 Whether not in the Church as well as out
 Women might speak ? the Priest resolv'd they should
 Speak out as much and often as they would,
 But never in. A Female Synod is
 Resolv'd on to convene : the way was this ;
 Each truth-inspired She forthwith to meet
 Either in *Marklane* or near *Criplegate*,
 In *Eutichus* the *Taylours* chamber, there
 Each Monday 'bout Religion to conferre.
 Th' Assembly meets and sits : a pretty sight
 Fair smooth chin'd Gospellers in aprons white :
 Cathedral lawn not half so learned is.
 No *Prolocutour* here was made, I wis :
 They were all speakers. First grave *Abigail*
 The Sempstresse having first pronounc'd them all
 A holy Convent : damned in one word
Arminians with their books to fire and sword.
 Such Tyrants women are : when they in stead
 Of distaffs scepters take, they'l rule their head.

Peace

Satyrs.

7

Peace ! Peace ! said busie *Martha*, we not know
 Nor the *Sbe-Burgers* in *Geneva* how
 These *Schollards* tenets to confute : let's talk
 Of things we better understand, and balk
 Their Heathnish Problems ! I had rather know
 Whether the world in ninty seav'n or no,
 (As *Hoord* affirms) shal be dissolv'd ? for this
 More fit and to be known more easie is.
 My husband's now about some land to buy
 And I'd not have him throw't away said she ;
 By no means let him do't, said *Sarah*, no :
 But rather in Reversion let him 'stow
 His money at that fatal period, when
 The world for certein must dissolve, for then
 Th' earth for a thousand years shal leas'd be
 To us the Saints for little, saied She.
 To quit this was a learned Quære made,
 By a thin antiquated Chambermaid,
 Run mad with reading *Dod* and *Broughton*, where
 She scruples whether *Aarons* Ephod were
 Of the skie colour or seawater green ;
 The dyers all of *Amsterdam* have been
 Long in dispute about the question.
 Next the point of *Prædestination*
 Was startled to perplex the more ; in haste
 From this to *Freewil* these Heav'n drivers past,
 And Squirrel-like as nimbly leapt from this
 As o'r one bog to another wild Irish :
 Like th' dogs that lapt at *Nilus* seav'nfold stream
 They lick the fouds now they have troubled them ;
 Or as young Scepticks in Philosophie
 From Air to Water, Fire to Earth wil flie,
 Peripatericks in Divinitie
 O'r all its Elements thus they likewise hie,
 As nimbly with their tongues, as standing stil
 O'r th' world a man in a map travel wil,
 With's eie in one short minute, yet not know
 Where the *Moguls* rich country stands, or how

His

8

Satyrs.

His own is rul'd. In every doubt at last
 All unresolv'd each to their homes do haste,
 With their boss'd Bibles truss'd beneath their arms,
 Thumb'd in the Revelation and the Psalms.
 Bodie O death ! who should they meet at door
 But *Grace* the waitingmaid that saltchin'd whore ?
 Who before she the Pædagogus had wed
 Took all preventives, and when e'r she sped
 Toucht *Sowbread*, *Gladdon* us'd, and *Savin*, food
 To sink her spurious and abortive brood,
 Procur'd for her dear Madams daughters, taught
 Them to leap oft, soon as their wombs were fraught :
 Yet with her cloak as holy face now wears
 Where little hair much Sanctitie appears.
 Lord ! how she sighs in direful accents, that
 Private affairs had made her come so late !
 What matter ist ? How d'ee ; her quondam friend
 Her Ladies gentle Go-before doth find
 Her there, renews acquaintance, and thence brings
 Her to his Laundresse private house and flings
 Her down on the refreshing mat : the bed
 Being ta'ne away and nothing but the sted
 There left to hold the sport up, since the poor
 Old Bawd her bedcloaths found too fast were wore.
 Each met their comforters before they went
 To their tup Cuckolds : so the day was spent.
 But I am no Sir *Pandarus* of Troy,
 To sent each City stop or close dequoy :
 I am no Pimp or Constable ; if more
 Sinners you'd find, search Bridewel ! there be store,
 Who though they been't all sanctifi'd alike,
 Yet are as right for the cause Catholick.

SATYR



SATYR 3.

The Argument.

*The formal breeding of an heire
I'th' City is described here,
Where the more formal States-man his
Admired creature pourtraid is.*

MAn is a laughing Creature, who in this,
And a soul rational distinguisht is
From brutish beasts : yet even they not have
Like use of Reason seem they wise or grave.
Follies in them pitty or laughter move
In men of wiser judgement ; to reprove
Whose open Errours with as publike smiles
Is best : for silent pitty but beguiles
And hardens follie by connivance ; we
By precept and example taught must be.
Yet both are scarce enough to instruct or wean
Some from the Simples which they first suckt in
With their flit nurses milk : for sure it is
Midwives and Nurses make men fools or wise.
Why should not *Cosmus* els that City heir,
Whose education was the onely care
Of his indulgent parents wiser prove ?
For see how like a Puppet he doth move,
Or Quarter-striker turns upon his toe,
As in a frame when he saluteth you !
Good manners are not bought at th' *change* or *School* :
Art's Nature servant ; Fools wil stil be fools
Yet wasters could he manage for Pruans wel
At *Islington* on Sundayes, and to tel

You

Satyrs.

You truth had learnt to dance, but that his ear
 And he both so inapprehensive were.
 But he is rich, hath fin'd for Sheriff twice,
 And wears good cloathes ; yet out of them, or his
 Mean rabs cab companie, looks like what he was
 First born and bred, that is a precious Ass.
 So there's a river in *Boetia*
 Wherein the fishes shine like gold they say ;
 But taken thence look but as other frie.
 The City seldome breeds Gentilitie
 Til three or four discents. No Oake can be
 Upon a Peartree graft so contrarie
 And wide their Natures are. But see his friend
 Whom he so often walks with to *Mile-end*,
 The *Fencer Peregrin* that brags he can
 Kil at *Duello* more than any man ;
 Has rules to print the flesh, as the *Stoccata*,
Passada, *Punto*, and the *Imbroccata*,
 With more Italian postures ; by a groom,
 Yet was disarm'd, beat and kickt out o'th' room,
 The other Morn at th' Trumpet : could not skil
 Guard him from such a sawcie foot as wel ?
 Hang't, this is horse-play, saies he ; oh the sence
 Of discreet manhood valiant patience !
 Thus men discover'd are by th' companie
 They keep, and throughly known : els why wou'd he
 Delight in *Dabcock*, that Town-gul, whose nose
 And face are as ridiculous as cloathes ?
 Marrie to laugh at ; that himself might bee
 Thought wiser, though God knows, but one degree.
 As ugly Ladies waiting faces get
 More ugly them the better off to set.
 Many o'th' City have such properties
 To worship them, and with forc't laughter please.
 For is't not brave to be the best i'th' room,
 Pay all, have all respect, and after come
 To be admir'd by Squndrels ? *Formal* I
 Am most incens'd with yet, whose gravity

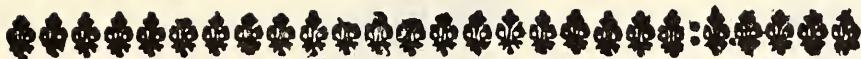
Satyrs.

11

Outweighs all other parts, his speech is cream
 Starcht as his beard, takes his hat off by th'brim
 Methodically 'twixt two fingers, while
 His face of *Essays* seldom deigns to smile;
 Like one i'th' Isle of eggs he nicely walks,
 Affects strange sawces, like a Sophister talks,
 Respects none that wear worser cloathes than he,
 And thinks himself the rare Academie;
 More proud of 's little wit, neat hose, than e'r
Inceptor was of 's gown the first whole year,
 Loves to be cied, yet looks nor drinks below
 The salt, seems gravely wise, is nothing so.
 How practis'd is this policie? for most men
 Study more how to seem judicious, than
 To be so, herein whilst their best wisdom lies
 To hide their follies in Scholastick guise:
 This is a fit companion, *Cosmus* wear
 This *Bristol* Diamond in thy copper ear!
 'Fore him, that young proud *Statist* I must hate,
 Whose face is all Mosaick, intricate,
 And ful of artificial gravitie,
 Talks to himself where e'r he goes, with eie
 By speculation downward fixt, though he
 Looks higher than his foretop, hopes to be
 O'th' Privie Councel: and wil whispring tel
 News known as doubtful as an Oracle.
 This is that other earwig crept into
Cosmus acquaintance, whom he graceth too;
 Hee onely bids him welcome for his tongue,
 With which he feeds him all the dinner long;
 Lends what he asks, though he ne'r thanks him for't,
 And hardly owns him when he comes to Court
 Yet oft his wife he visits, swears by *Joue*
 He'l place her at next Mask neer or above
 The Maids of Honour, tels her too he'l get
 Her Husband Knighted; thus his debts hee'l quit
 While *cos.* buyes honour. Oh what Emphasis
 And weight his words bear while 'mongst men he is!

Each

Each line he speaks looks like a *Pyramis*,
 On whose three sides one undiscover'd is.
 His *Janus* Hieroglyphick double front
 Speaks him an *Oedipus* : oh out upon't !
 The *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* not so factious were,
 As the confused thoughts and projects here
 In's *Machiavellian* noddle ; now he dreams
 Waking of Crowns and Kingdoms, Stratagems
 To subvert *Mahomet*, or for private gain
 Patents for *Pins* or *Soape*, or els his brain
 Sweats with Monopolies of bones, or tough
 Calves-skins wel drest to sel for Irish Buff.
 Passant he deign'd me once a nod and smile,
 To be but known to these Court earwigs, I'l
 Be sworn is ev'n as great a grace or mo
 Than had I kist his *Holinesses* toe.
 His *Cæsar* Hawks-nose his ambition shows,
 While thus like *Niles* tal Crocodile he grows
 As long as e'r he lives : he'l surely sup
 With one o'th' Secretaries o'th' State, and up
 With some great Lord, or other at each word,
 To gain the audience of all the board,
 Whom he names as familiarly, as he
 Were his Compeer, and not his propertie.
 His foot-boy comes and whispers him in haste;
 The news ? I'm set, so soon as supper's past,
 Go tel my Lord I'l wait on him. How now ?
 A sweating Porter bring a Letter too ?
 Directed to th'most accomplisht *Gentleman* ?
 Oh it's from the *Lady*---he replies, the hand
 I know, and business : wel he might, he wrote
 The letter all himself, a pretty plot.
 E'r he goes thence a prentice with a noat
 Seal'd from his Creditour finds him, he opes it not,
 But loudly tels the youth his Masters suit
 To morrow shal be granted, that he'l do't,
 Bids him be confident. Employ'd he is
 In every scæne thus with new business.



SATYR 4.

The Argument.

*A Silly Zelot gets a living,
Grows fat upon't: while Gripe by thriving
Too fast and ill, doth dearly get
His death; for such a balter's fit.*

GO search Niles deeps, and find me if you can,
A thing so ugly as this monster man!
I mean that lean-chopt fellow, whose white face
And night-cap make him look like th' Ace
Of Spades, so formal is his pickdevant,
While hee so meagre looketh, and as wan
As *Adam*'gainst the hedge in clay, when he
Was set a drying fore the Sun, to be
Inspir'd with breath: no *Ananias* e'r
Painted on Countrie tapistrie could appear
So Ghostly or precise; as he had fed
On roots alone, for those he studied,
As Hebrew with a Chaldee paraphrase,
Or Syriack, while the Greek and Latine was:
Prophane and modern language counted: but
Behold his clean-starcht ruff o'th' holy cur
And pure *Geneva* set! whose every one
With the bright steel of Revelation
Was throughly open'd: but to say no more,
Most pure he was from head to foot all o'r:
I could have wisht this Hypocrite had bin
But half so pure, and so sincere within.
Such hollow falshood in a Prophet guide,
Confirms the errours of the world beside.

Did

Did he not roundly pay for's Benefice
 By symoniack contract e'r 'twas his ?
 Did he not wed his Patrons niece ? some say
 Hee sprung her mine too e'r the marriage day :
 And puts her portion now to usurie.
 But oh ! what an egregious dunce is he ?
 And when ordain'd examining did fear
 More than a young thief caught, and made appear
 Before a Justice for his first offence :
 But his preventive wit and impudence
 Wrought wel with th'Bishops Chaplain I believe,
 Whom he had fed on Ordination Eve
 To say as th'Ordinary to th' Judge is wont,
Legit ut clericus, my Lord : though he don't
 One letter know. 'Tis usual this : while so
 By such cheats knaves and fools get livings too.
 But oh ! how drunk for joy hee got that night
 I'th' Bishops sellar ! now the thankful wight
 Having his fees discharg'd goes home, looks worse
 Austere and graver than his Lordships horse ;
 Wrangles and sues his neighbours, keeps no house
 Of hospitalitie, nor gives one sou
 Throughout the year to th'poor. *Gripe* comes to be
 Resolv'd a case of conscience, if Usurie
 Of ten i'th' hundred may be lawful ta'n ?
 Yes, yes : your talent must not up be lain.
 But to the most improved. Hear you me !
 The tithe of all your coines encrease must be
 Paid mee your Parson ! Nay, then *Gripe* replies,
 I'l rather let't at nine *per cent.* as is
 My usual course : my sows shal farrow too
 No more than nine at a time : I wil go
 Sel all my land, and stock, and into gold
 Convert it for encrease ; all shal be sold
 Before I'l give one doight away : the King
 Sha'nt have a subsidie, the poor nothing
 For mee. Thus *Gripe* is now a Chymist grown,
 What he should eat, drink, wear the miching hound
Turns

Satyrs.

15

Turns into metal, whose each new Image
 He sacrificing doth adore : no Age
 E'r such a muckworm bred : he never wil
 Marry ; children are charges, Women il.
 Hee buyes bread, pares it, sends it back again
 For staler, for which cause the Baker's lain
 I'th' Pillorie : he ne'r at home wil eat;
 But at anothers board until he sweat
 Again, he swils like any thresher, and
 Communion wine he drinks til's neighbours stand
 Amaz'd, and think as if in stead of 's own
 Hee drinking were his Saviour's health around.
 Hee won't part with a hair, and for that cause
 No Shaver neer him comes ; and hates the Lawes
 'Cause they forbid ingrossing : and is dumb
 When *cosk* wou'd borrow ; nay shou'd Christ once come
 On Earth again, the Wretch would not lend him
 One tester, wer't the whole world to redeem
 Without securitie of Angels. The Jew
 So circumcis'd his silver he was brought
 Before the Judge to answer for his fault.
 Hold up thy lean hand *Gripe* ! Guiltie or not ?
 Not guiltie my good Lord : the Jurie that
 Shal trie. These clippings all I found
 In's trunk. 'Twas but to make the money round,
Gripe pleads, which first the coyners did neglect ;
 Onely Rix dollars which I did elect
 'Cause they were too square, and broad, for that respect
 Hence take him Jaylour ! oh the sad effect
 Of covetizing ! Can't I ransom'd be ?
 Take all my goods ! save but my life and me.
 No : sentence is past : how the hangman swears
 And curses 'cause no better cloathes he wears.

F I N I S.



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